TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

On the last day of the Teachers' Convention I was walking up Yonge street with Uncle Charlie Brown, and we were talking about schools and school teaching and making remarks about the visitors. I mentioned casually that I had taught school once myself. He pulled his long gray mustache reflectively. "I never taught school," said he, "but I have been there to as many lickings as any boy I ever heard of. I have a record that would bar me out of the best whipped class that was ever turned out of a school. I used to get it for breakfast and have it warmed up for dinner. When the schoolmaster didn't have anything else to do he called me up and lammed me with a rawhide. Yet I suppose it didn't do me any harm." I inquired if he thought it had done him any good. "Well, I don't know," he answered. "The boy that has never had a licking doesn't seem to amount to much, though somehow we have no heart for bringing up our boys in the old-fashioned way."

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I can remember that the gad played a very important part in the curriculum of the schools I first attended, and, like Uncle Charlie Brown, I seemed to come in for more than my share of it. So much did I get that I certainly have no inclination to use it either in training other people's children or my own. Nearly everyone who has any knowledge of old-fashioned methods remembers with a certain amount of bitterness, softened though their experience may be by the lapse of many years, the severity of the whippings boys and even girls used to receive. Yet those old-fashioned school houses turned out some mighty clever men and good women. It is barely possible that we are going to the other extreme nowadays, and it has yet to be demonstrated that Solomon was wrong when he wrote "Spare the rod and spoil the child." It is quite probable that indulging children and humoring their little whims may be a poorer preparation for the battle of life than old-fashioned severity and frequent recourse to the birch sprout. As my friend said, a man who has never had a good licking, no matter who gave it to him or in what shape it came, is only half prepared for the great struggle to come. A boy who has had a rough and tumble experience expects to fight his way through. The one who has been coddled too much has the false idea that everyone should be good to him and help him out no matter what he does, or how badly he does it, or if he leaves his duty undone. There is no doubt that many boys who have been indulgently reared get some sort of a whipping very early in their career as business or professional men. Sometimes this teaches them the lesson which stern parents and still sterner schoolmasters taught the boy of half a century ago, yet the earlier we obtain our experience the more time we have to profit by it. This seems to prove that the boy needs a little banging around in order that he may acquire knowledge of the fact that life is not an unbroken line of pleasures and successes; that he will not always get—good or bad—what he earns; that he may not always hope even for justice, but that no matter what his trials are, with a stout heart he can survive them and by judicious management can avoid their repetition. When the over-indulged boy arrives at his majority he is too often a baby; too frequently he develops into a loafer. The boy who has been whipped too much is in danger of becoming sullen and rebellious, but when he gets to be a man and is away from the things which fretted him he is almost surprised to find how easy it is to live even in this hard world of business. No one treats him worse than his schoolmaster did. The discipline he acquired can be relaxed and still be better than that of his neighbors. He is more hopeful and stronger than the over-indulged boy; capable of submitting to injustice, and is defiant only when the pressure is made too great. Perhaps he may be a little harder than the pampered youth, but nobody on God's earth can be more selfish than the man who thinks that everything is his by right, and is carried away by the idea that everyone is bound to be good to him and that the earth and the fullness thereof is by right his.

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This does not prove, however, that taking a club and mauling a boy all around the back yard or lamming him with a rawhide in the schoolroom, is the only method of disciplining youth. A parent or teacher can in a hundred different ways punish impertinence and disobedience. Discipline is a thing which should be made a part of one's daily experience. Depriving the headstrong child of pleasures and little liberties may be made to show the result of conduct displeasing to those who have the little rebel's education in charge. In fact, those who understand children, boys especially, can make the school and home experience a miniature world where persistent labor is the first rung of the ladder of success and popularity. It can be shown them that courtesy and a conciliatory manner are absolutely necessary; that without truthfulness no one can be respected or share in the confidence of those about them; that honesty is not only the best policy but that without it the boy or girl, as well as the man or woman, must be ostracized and the privileges enjoyed by their companions denied them. The chief lesson to be taught children, it seems to me, is the inexorableness of school and parental decrees. The world is inexorable. If you do certain prohibited things the result is absolutely certain; there is no arguing around it or coaxing out of it. If the school or home is to be a mimic world its decree must be equally final, even if it is not always just. Reparation may be made in case of an injustice, but the decree should never be altered if the child is to be prepared for the fight for life which will follow its entrance into the wider world. I think Solomon was speaking figuratively when he referred to the rod, and if this interpretation be put upon the old proverb I imagine every thoughtful teacher, every loving father and mother who have considered the subject will agree that if the punishment be spared and the child reaches manhood or womanhood without any discipline, without having been punished for evil-doing, the result cannot but be disastrous.

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Reading is said to make a full man, writing an exact man and speaking a ready man, but how little we care whether or not a man is full of information, or is exact in his statements, if he does not know how to impart his knowledge. The majority of people are sorry, when they meet him socially, that he knows anything if he cannot be entertaining. On the majority of subjects it is immaterial if a man be inexact if the impression he conveys, and that is all that can be done socially, is such that a general conception of a work or topic is in a general sense correct. For instance, at a dinner party if a man is both full and exact in his information and is dry as well as ready, his speech is a bore and his hearers wish that he would get confused and sit down. Editors and newspaper writers as well, seem to forget that their mission is not that of the statistician. Though they should occasionally publish statistics which may be cut out of the paper and preserved by their subscribers for general reference, their main object should be to be interesting. Nearly all of the letters which are written to newspapers, nearly all of the speeches which are published by them are too full of details. The reporter should, of all men, be a ready and entertaining man, one who can take the cream of a lecture and while merely indicating the methods of the lecturer, tell us in a couple of paragraphs what it was about and the conclusion at which the reasoner arrived. Or if one point be of signal interest and space is limited, as it always should be in the report of the average speech, the reporter should leave out the rest and startle or interest us with the new thing. The preacher too seems to think it his duty when he takes a text to thrash it out and scatter the straw and the chaff and the grain in the face of his audience. It seems to me that the knack of being ready and entertaining in what we do, is something we should try to acquire. One of the greatest pleasures in life, outside and inside of the home, is to find ourselves pleasing to those we meet and welcome at the houses to which we go. This knack is somehow but poorly taught. Writers and speakers forget that they must be interesting in order to obtain or retain an audience, and that to be interesting they must either be specialists, taking a fragment and making the most of it, or else belong to the much despised class of entertaining talkers who endeavor to do no more than to convey in a pleasing manner an entertaining idea of a whole subject.

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The ready and pleasant talker, the entertaining man may be superficial but he is underestimated. In the main we get our ideas from man in the best sense of the word may have but a smattering of this information, but he conveys it in such a pleasant way that he keeps a large circle from total ignorance of the majority of subjects and sets some of them at work to dig deeper than he has had time to go. It is worth while thinking how much we are influenced by the chatty man who knows a little of everything. Scholars and book worms sneer at him, but he is an important factor in the world's makeup.

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Fresh Air Fund:	
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DON.

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That very devout man, Count Mercier, is just now cautiously crawling from underneath the barn, counting his beads, crossing himself and muttering his devotions. He never appeared in a more religious frame of mind than at this minute. In conversation with a reporter he said that while the *Globe's* attitude towards him might cause the good people of Ontario to think ill of him, yet he was resigned to this by the thought that those who knew him best were aware that he was as moral and Christian as could be. He also said that as he grew older he tried to live better, and whether he would succeed or not was God's secret. As a Christian politician Mercier overtops all contemporaries. Though he steal five thousand dollars he does not backslide from his faith, and though fifty thousand dollars be stolen in his behalf yet he still observes the same religious practices as the poorest taxpayer of his province. Sudden riches have ruined many a supposedly good man and aroused an arrogant spirit, but Mercier has not thanklessly renounced the religion that gave him power and placed him within stealing distance of much money. He remained cool, took what he could, prayed more publicly and fasted more openly than ever, and with the benediction of the church upon him officiated at splendid ceremonies. He shows remarkable gratitude for favors to come, and will not despise so profitable a duty as his profession of faith. When the exposure came he refused to speak or be spoken to, withholding himself from all public demonstrations except those of a conspicuously religious nature. Public opinion having expressed itself upon the Baie des Chaleurs matter, he now knows what he has to face and so he crawls from under the barn considerably scarred and bedaubed and mud-splashed, but glorious truth! more intensely devout, more completely sanctified by faith than ever. A man who, as he grows older tries to live better, should at Mercier's age have reached the point of common honesty as interpreted in the police courts, and none of us can respect the pious professions of an impenitent thief. Mercier may have a defence and if he will establish his honesty I will take his piety for granted. This is the general feeling in these parts, and it would be wise for him to cease mummery and return to the practical affairs of earth. The important matter now, as politicians see it, is the doubtful attitude of the church towards the Quebec Premier. It will undoubtedly condemn the crime, if proven, but will it acquit the criminals on the ground that they but succumbed to the prevalent weakness of our politicians as a class?

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Any doctrine will find disciples. Walking down Yonge street the other day I came across a crowd to whom a man was proving that the world was flat, and not round as erroneously taught in our schools. The speaker was a small man with a small head and had evidently purchased the hat he then wore before his head had commenced to shrink. "The h'earth a plane—the h'earth a p'ane, testifying to its h'own level and h'immobility." He was selling books containing his theory, with charts and measurements, and whenever he delivered himself of this word "h'immobility" he invariably made a sale. If we are to believe this man, the contention that the earth is flat is regaining ground rapidly and will come into general acceptance again so sure as daylight follows darkness. I think we were getting along admirably before this fellow appeared upon the stage and restored the world to the pancake shape which it formerly had. It was all right for the ancients who laboured little and remained at home, but nowadays a man is too busy to look about at every step for fear he will walk off the edge of a pancake earth. This little man on the corner should be forced to restore the earth to its globular shape at once, for if permitted to continue he will remodel the whole heavens and disarrange the mechanism of the universe. If he were familiar with the case of aeronaut Hogan who went up in a balloon at Brooklyn two years ago and has not been heard of since, he would consider his theory established beyond dispute by explaining that the air ship had floated out past the edge and was falling yet and forever.

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The Mayor has signed the street railway contract and the Kiely-Everett Company is in possession. This has been the most eventful deal the corporation ever was concerned in. The mighty interests involved would alone make the disposal of the franchise important to the citizens, but the case was made doubly eventful through the real or artificial smudge of corruption that hovered about it. The bribery of aldermen was an American practice unknown here, and when the most sweeping charges were made against our representatives in council the people did not comprehend their duty or know what citizens should do. The admittedly sound men in council could not determine their duty either, and wavered between a resolve to investigate charges they felt sure were foundationless, or to ignore them and permit a false suspicion to cling to the council of 1891. Inaction, which is as often wise as not, resulted. If an investigation was necessary the corporation should have instituted it, for to leave it to any citizen who might see gain or glory in pursuing such a course was sure to cause a lop-sided inquiry, if any inquiry at all. The corporation required that an overt act should be shown before any steps could be taken. This means the corporation can but prosecute proven malfeasance, not investigate suspicions nor stoop to examine clues. This may be the proper caper, but it requires some individual citizen to

BARBARA.

shoulder the burden of proving a case in the public behalf and for the public protection. A scandalous job might any day be carried through and remain undiscovered because no particular citizen cared to become public prosecutor at his private expense. To me the principle seems quite wrong. A suit begun by a citizen is liable to end like Mr. Macdonald's did, being cut short with a bank cheque, or like Phillips Thompson's did, petering out through scarcity of funds. In neither case is justice well served. If any amount of corruption were concealed in this street railway transaction, no proper attempt was made to unearth it. The proceedings permitted collusion among witnesses, and there was all through a remarkable lack of method, as though the lawyers were fishing for evidence and knew not where to fish. Irregularities tripped over each other from the start, and there seemed to be a blind groping after something solid, that ended in vain. To my mind the most damaging phase of the whole case was the painful silence of the aldermen accused. No charge that was laid against them could draw forth a defence, and to all the criticisms and insinuations of the press they offered no retort. This studied silence caused many to draw unwelcome conclusions, for aldermen as a class are not in the habit of quietly submitting to discreditable accusations when any defence is possible. However, the transfer of the street railway has been made, as there was no actual ground upon which the Mayor could further base delay in attaching his signature, and the general public is of opinion that the whole transaction was perfectly honest and regular. The new management have infused new vigor into the service and promise to make it better than it has ever yet been. But I do not expect to see horses displaced by electricity in such magically short time as boomers of the new company prophesied before the transfer. That will drag a trifle now, and the change will be effected by day labor instead of magic.

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The member for East Northumberland is said to feel his position keenly and to be broken in spirit by the comments in the press on his conduct. There is a difference between the voluntary penitence of a conscious sinner and the tear-inspired prostration of an exposed evil-doer. The latter condition seems flavored with expediency. Mr. Cochrane is perturbed by the criticisms on his conduct, not by any consciousness that he acted wrongly. Yet if he would reflect a moment he must conclude that though he may see nothing wrong in his own conduct; it does not necessarily follow that he is above blame. Notwithstanding the number of excellent people who enlarge upon the trustworthiness of the individual conscience, I vastly prefer the public conscience as a gauge of right and wrong. A man's conscience goes with him whether his course be up or down. Before a man really starts down he indulges in tiny misdeeds that, while not disturbing the conscience presently, chloroform it to all that follows. Every individual conscience in the country might thus be incapable of protesting against the conduct of its possessor, but the collective conscience might still condemn the different misdeeds of each. Mr. Cochrane will notice that while he cannot condone the offences of Pacaud and McGreevy and others, yet none of these admit having done evil. They feel innocent as he feels innocent, and therefore with no knowledge of their deeds before him he must realize that a man is no competent judge of what is right and what wrong in his own conduct.

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The report that another general election will soon occur is probably a dream. The Government is under no necessity for going to the country, and in doing so would risk much. I would like to see the Government reconstructed, however, at the end of the present session, and there is some probability of this. If Ontario were represented in a new cabinet by D'Alton McCarthy, William Ralph Meredith and Frank Smith the people of this province would be quite indifferent as to who made up the balance of the administration or where they came from. Those three men along with Sir John Thompson could sway a cabinet and their rule would be beneficient. Those who mix religion with politics will see that the combination mentioned is an admirable one from which impartial justice should issue to people of conflicting creeds. In every other respect those mentioned are as nearly above criticism as possible. Some changes are imperative. I do not expect to see a coalition government formed, for this sort of thing in Canada has been very unsatisfactory from a party standpoint whenever tried.

ZEKE.

Social and Personal.

A very stirring social event occurred at Port Perry on August 31, the occasion being the marriage of one of Port Perry's fairest daughters, Miss Annie L. Roberts, the only child of Mr. A. W. Roberts, to Dr. Norton of Shelburne. The ceremony came off at two o'clock at the residence of the bride's father, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. William Grant, M.A., D.D. The bride looked lovely, and was charmingly attired in a gown of the richest pearl white French gros grain silk, elaborately trimmed with silk embossed birds' wings, same shade, with the conventional veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Parrish of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Edith Parrish of Port Perry. Miss Alice was robed in a cream Henrietta, trimmed with cream silk brocade. Miss Edith was costumed in a pale shade of heliotrope Henrietta, trimmed with silk and ostrich feathers of the same shade. The bridesmaids wore gold pearl bar pins, the gift of the groom. The groom was supported by Mr. Robert A. Riky of Shelburne. The floral decorations of the apartments were very beautiful and looked almost tropical in their gorgeousness. The whole effect was luxurious in the extreme. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous banquet, after which the bride and groom left by the evening train for Toronto, whence they will go on a tour to Detroit, Chicago and other western cities.

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In the recent examinations for university matriculation, in connection with Bishop Strachan School, which were conducted by the Education Department, the following pupils passed with honors: Miss Emily Moss (head of the school and winner of the Governor-General's medal), with first-class honors in French and second-class in English and German; Miss Florence Neelands, with first class honors in Latin; Miss Edith Fausta Jones and Miss Kate Moore, with second-class honors in English. Pupils not attempting the full course for matriculation are allowed to try the examinations in special subjects. Of these Miss Ethel Gregg passed in everything except mathematics, with first-class honors in French and second-class in English; Miss Edith Smythe passed in English, history and geography, French and German, with second-class honors in English; Miss Lilian Caulfield passed in English, history and geography.

The following are amongst the latest arrivals at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P.Q.: Mr. A. W. Martin, Mr. C. F. Martin of Montreal, Mr. Joseph T. Dickson, Mrs. T. Dickson, Mrs. M. A. Morrell, Mrs. Clifton Church of Dallas, Tex., Mrs. C. Martin, Miss Martin, Mr. Chas. Meredith, Mr. H. H. Henshaw of Montreal, Mr. A. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis of Chicago, Ill., Mr. C. F. Hart, Mr. I. B. Abbott, Mr. George Brown, Mr. H. R. Larengue of Montreal, Miss Martil of Long Island City, Mr. and Mrs. King and family of Montreal, Mrs. Smith, Mr. T. R. Smith of St. Hilaire, Miss Nettie E. McKee, Mr. T. M. Radford, Mr. I. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Hague, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hague, Mr. Henshaw, Mr. C. Meredith, Lieut.-Col. Fred C. Henshaw, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Frank May, Prof. Baker Edwards, Mr. Lorne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. McKinney, Mr. J. Pangman of Montreal, Hon. Francois Langelier of Quebec, Dr. Guay, M. P., Mr. P. Savard, M. P., Mr. P. Chequette, M. P., Mr. A. Delisle, M. P., of Ottawa; Mr. J. P. Brodeur, M. P., of Montreal, Mr. P. Bernard, M. D., Mr. P. A. Jodoin of Beloil.

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Messrs. Melville & Richardson, steamship agents, report the following passengers booked for Europe this week: Dr. John Watson of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. T. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Mc. Kenistry, Mr. and Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. R. Houston, Mrs. J. Boyer, Miss Boyer, Rev. B Johnston, Mr. H. Buck, Mr. W. and Mrs. Trest, Miss Trest, Mrs. E. J. Lomnitz, Mr. John Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Cragg, Mrs. C. Bryson, Miss Bryson, Mr. W. Bowes, Miss Wilson, Mr. George Hunter, Lieut. Lovatt, Miss Richardson, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Bronson, Mr. Fred Whittaker, M. D., Prof. Oxhenham, Miss Beaumont, Miss E. Burrows.

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A very enjoyable german was danced at Port Sandfield, Thursday, August 27, and owing to the untiring efforts of Mr. E. C. Rutherford was a great success. Among the many who danced were noticed: Mrs. James Carruthers, the Misses MacDonell and Miss Flora MacDonell of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. Frank McPhillips, Miss Eyre, Mr. W. T. J. Lee, Mr. S. Piddington, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Braide, Mr. R. M. Keating, Mr. Frank McLean, the Misses Milligan and Miss Wilson. The favors were pretty and artistic and some of the figures were very amusing. After the dance the genial host served refreshments to the guests in the new ball room, and every one pronounced it the most enjoyable evening of the season.

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On Friday and Saturday of last week great interest was taken in the cricket match between the Ottawa and Rosedale clubs, as Ottawa made strong efforts to head the score. Their success was due in a great measure to the excellent play of Mr. W. C. Little and Mr. Steele. Rosedale club were indebted in like manner to Messrs. Rowlands and Howard. The scores were, Ottawa 133, Rosedale, 79. Cricket is greatly affected in our Capital City, and some fine players demonstrate the benefit derived from a general enthusiasm for England's national pastime.

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The Bond street Congregationalists are promised a musical feast to-morrow, when Mr. J. Lewis Browne, a well known organist from Minneapolis, will preside at the organ and render several solos at both services. Mr. Browne will also give a recital on Monday evening, to which all members of the church, with their friends, are cordially invited.

*

A quiet wedding took place last Tuesday, when Miss Lina Gwendoline Cameron, daughter of the late Sir Mathew Crooks Cameron, was married to Mr. Thomas Alexander Chisholm. The bride wore a traveling dress of brown tweed and brown hat. Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm have gone up the Saugenay for a wedding trip, and on their return will make their home on Prospect street.

*

An enjoyable concert was given on Wednesday evening by the Aquatic Association at the Concert Hall at Center Island. Limelight views of aquatic scenes, manipulated by Messrs. Manshie and Walsh, songs by Mr. Mundy, and ventriloquism by Mr. Dixon, made up a programme which attracted a greater number than could be admitted.

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The Lakeside Home for Sick Children at the Island is to be handed over by the generous founder, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, to the Board of Trustees this afternoon. Arrangements are made for the reception of a large number of the friends of the institution.

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Professor Balfour of Oxford, England, has been paying us a visit and was highly pleased with Toronto and its people. The professor was accompanied by Mrs. Balfour and left Toronto for Washington to attend the scientific convention there.

*

Lt.-Col. Uppleby and Mrs. Uppleby are guests of Mrs. H. Macdonald, Wellington street.

*

Mrs. T. T. Webb, her daughter, Miss Rosaline, and Miss Jennie Webb of Maplehurst, Brighton, are at Ontario Beach.

*

Miss Nellie Lennox of Beaconsfield avenue left yesterday for Cleveland to take a collegiate course. Miss Lennox is a promising and enthusiastic medical student.

*

Mrs. Edward Blake was unfortunately injured in a carriage accident a short time since. The many friends of this much esteemed lady will be glad to hear of her gradual recovery.

*

The Bishop of Algoma was in town last week. He looks the picture of health after his trip to the Old Country, and seems to have quite shaken off the effects of his railroad accident.

*

Messrs. W. D. Hart and H. T. McMillan of the Standard Bank are enjoying their summer vacation.

*

Mrs. Irving Cameron has returned from a month's sojourn at Waubaushene.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Freeman have returned home from their visit to Brampton.

*

Mrs. George Wilson of St. James avenue has returned from Napanee.

*

Mr. Philip Dykes, of the Merchants' Bank, is away on a fortnight's vacation.

*

Mr. M. M. Kertland and family have returned to the city, after summering at Center Island.

*

Mr. Sydney Sykes and family, of Linden street, have returned after spending some weeks at Center Island.

*

Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor and family of Jarvis street are spending some months in Germany.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Browne have returned from Muskoka and are residing on Harbord street.

*

Mr. E. G. Gooderham, son of Mr. George Gooderham, was nearly drowned one day last week at Old Orchard, while rescuing a small boy from the sea.

*

Mrs. F. A. Barrett, of 227 Robert street, is visiting at Seabright with her sister, Mrs. Pike, of New York.

*

Mrs. Angus Sinclair and family of Avenue road have returned from Cobourg.

*

Messrs. J. Widmer, S. Clarke, J. W. Evans, Walter E. Bell and Frank Appleyard have just returned from a jolly and successful fishing trip to Sturgeon Point.

*

Principal MacMurchy and the Misses MacMurchy have returned from a summer holiday at Bathurst, N.B.

*

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and Mrs. Macdonnell have returned from their European trip.

*

Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder have returned from New York where they have enjoyed a delightful summer holiday.

*

Mr. E. A. Campbell of the Bank of Hamilton has gone by the steamer Campana to Chicago for a fortnight's holiday.

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Mr. A. Thompson of the Bank of Hamilton is holiday-making in Muskoka.

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Mr. L. Cassels of the Dominion Bank has gone to Chicago.

*

Mr. Charles Hirschfelder, who has been at Washington at the scientific convention, has returned to the city.

The Editor of Puck.

Above is presented a portrait of Mr. H. C. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*. Though nothing appears in *Puck's* pages as good as what he writes himself, Mr. Bunner is not wholly a humorist. No short stories which appear in the American magazines are finer than his, nor does any writer of this class of literature command a higher price. His philosophy of life is in touch with the modern movement as his recent volume, Zadoc Pine, will show. And though still a young man, his income is between ten and twenty thousand dollars.

A Clergyman's Experience of Marrying:

"After a long experience," said a prominent minister recently, "I have decided that on their wedding day the Adams and Eves are all just alike, and one method of treatment serves for both rich and poor. The bride is invariably nervous when the time arrives for the necessary signing and formality. The most phlegmatic woman I have ever seen trembles when what I call 'making the declaration' is commenced.

"'Now, Miss Smith,' I begin, 'what is your father's name?' She always says 'Mr. Smith.' Nine women out of every ten think initials unnecessary.

"When I ask her the mother's name she generally sheds a tear. I am at a loss to know why. The mere mention of a mother's name is not particularly pathetic, though perhaps it may be on the eve of marriage. I always crack a little joke when I ask the bride her age.

"'How old are you, Miss Smith?' I say. 'I know you think it very rude of me to ask, but you needn't be afraid of your minister, your doctor, or your lawyer.'

"If I have made that joke once I have made it—let me see—well, hundreds of time, and out of all the brides I have converted into wives ninety-nine out of every hundred have laughed at it. When the declaration is at an end, I always say to the bride, 'Now, Miss Smith, sign your name for the last time.' That makes her so extremely nervous that in very many instances she spills the ink. I have made it a rule to keep the table on which these important documents are signed covered with oil cloth.

"Before the actual ceremony begins the bride generally says, 'John, tell him to be as quick as he can. Can't he use a short service?' If she only knew that I was as desirous of returning to my library as she was to start on her bridal trip, that injunction would never be made. I thus arrange them in the prescribed manner, of which they are usually blissfully ignorant. The awkwardness of a bridegroom is phenomenal. When I say, 'Let the lady stand to the gentleman's left,' it usually takes them a couple of minutes to distinguish between the right and left, and I have literally to put them in place. Their movements seem to be impeded, and I don't believe that six couples out of ten can tell their right from their left hand five minutes before they are married.

"During the ceremony they have nothing to do, so there is no trouble. At the end, when I say to the man, 'Take your bride,' he looks very frequently astonished, as though he did not understand me. Often he seizes her hand and remains holding it with the most ridiculous energy, apparently waiting for developments. I have to break the spell by remarking mildly: 'That is all, my young friends. You are man and wife.'

"But my duties are not over even then. I am convinced that a number of married couples would remain in my vestry for an hour from sheer bashfulness, if I did not come to the rescue. So I say delicately and with fine humor, as I smile: 'Well, Mr. Snooks, if I can ever do anything for you in a similar capacity again, I shall be delighted.' At which Mrs. Snooks pouts, and declares that she has not the least intention of leaving John a widower, and that sooner than he should marry again, she would haunt him, or words to that effect. They depart immediately after that, and I retire to my library and wonder why I don't feel either amused or distressed."

At the Gate.

A Realistic Report of a Rural Conversation.

"Purty night, ain't it, Tilly?"

"Yes, purty enough: good night, Hank."

"What's yer rush? We ain't been standing here but a few minutes."

"O-o-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We've been here over an hour."

"Well, what if we have?"

"Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves anyhow."

"What for?"

"For being so silly."

"I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world, then."

"That don't make no difference. Good night."

"No, wait a minute, Tilly."

"What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"

"Nobody wants you to stay here all night; but I don't see why you should snatch yourself away like this."

"Pa'll be calling me first thing I know."

"Let him call; it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out or to set old Bose loose."

"Paha! Who's afraid?"

"You'd better be. Good night."

"Wait a minute."

"What for, you big gump, you?"

"Oh, because."

"I shall not stay out here another minute."

"Yes, you will."

"I sha'n't. Let go my hands."

"I don't have to."

"You mean thing, you! I—if you dare kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

"Oh, I daren't, eh? There!"

"Hank Sparks!"

"There's another."

"I've a notion to call for pa. I will if you kiss me again, sir!"

"Oh, you will? There! Now call him."

"You're the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!"

"Paha! I pity a feller who ain't got grit enough to kiss his girl when he can."

"I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good-night."

"Good-night, Tilly."

"Good-night."

Where Browning Wrote His Last Poems.

"What a curious place to select," was my thought as I stood at the door of the queer old house. I walked up twelve or fifteen hard stone steps, grasping the banister to guide myself in the dark, and was soon warmly welcomed by Signora Nina Tabacchi, as, passing through the kitchen, I was ushered into the sitting room. "Scrupulously clean and neat," was my next impression, but how plain! This cradle of "Asolando" was only a piece of the kitchen partitioned off for back parlor purposes, a glass door and window separating the two. The thin cotton curtain might possibly screen the mysteries of culinary processes from the poet's eye, but his ear must have been caught by occasional sounds of hacking and chopping, and certainly no kettle could have boiled, no wood could crackle, or incense arise from that adjacent hearth, without making itself distinctly noticeable. Such was his study and his drawing-room, a multum in parvo, about twelve feet square.

The furniture is of the good old lodgings type, that is, as regards the style only, for Signor Tabacchi would not tolerate a flaw, a spot, or a tarnish, as do none of the older school of landladies. There is a large round pedestal table with a red cloth table-cover, inoffensive in its pattern; one half was devoted to his papers; on the other, luncheon was served for his sister and himself. A full-length sofa, uncompromisingly hard, takes up the greater part of one wall; a kind of sideboard stands opposite. On the chiffonnier, between the two windows, rests the looking-glass, and half a dozen mahogany chairs, cane-bottomed and severe-backed, but of a good old design, complete the arrangements. On the flesh-colored walls hang a series of prints, illustrating events in the history of Venice. Doges are disporting themselves in most conventional attitudes, the vanquished are kneeling before the victors, and one has a general impression that history involves a great amount of bowing and scraping.—*Scribner's.*

The Age of Wonders.

Mr. Stubble (reading his paper)—By gum, Maria! if here ain't a feller got an "orrorgin tin plant. I've heard tell on growin' eggplants, but never heard on this afore.

Mrs. Stubble (composedly)—This is an awful age we are livin' in, Uriah, an' I ain't surprised at enythin' nowdays.

Seaside Echoes.

"Yes, that's a fine dress; but I don't believe the beach police will let you go into the water with it."

"Mercy! that isn't a bathing suit. That's a ball dress."

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Between You and Me.

HERE came early Monday morning a letter from Nydia, begging for a list of books that will do a girl good to read. I went over my book treasures, this time with an approving conscience, and I am proud to introduce Nydia to the following ladies and gentlemen, who range from grave to gay—from lively to severe—*Place aux dames!* Geo. Eliot's works, especially Romola; Edna Lyall's, particularly Knight Errant, give a woman and a man to love and revere; Blackmore's perfect English story of Lorna Doone; Olive Schreiner's Story of an African Farm and Dreams; John Inglesant; Sir John Lubbock's Pleasures of Life. And on a more cultured height, Emerson's Essays, Ruskin's and Spencer's works, and rugged Carlyle (I think she can get a goodly choice in our free library). For light English story writers, Black, Hardy, Stevenson and Kipling, and for the pen painters of our own land, Charles Egbert Craddock, Marion Crawford, George W. Cable, Howells and James. There are also Maxwell Gray, who wrote Silence of Dean Maitland, and Mrs. Ward, who made her name with Robert Ellsmere, but I feel it very hard to make a selection unless I know just what sort of a girl is my new correspondent.

•

Would Nydia be so good as to tell Lady Gay if she has read any of the aforementioned, and would some of my more brainy lady correspondents recommend a few really good works on travel or other interesting subjects, and allow me to select from them another list? One of the most utterly disheartening traits in our girls is their apathy and coldness about self-culture, and the precious hours of youthful leisure they worse than waste over books which they express a candid contempt for, in their after thoughts. If they could only realize the mighty power of a well stored mind, the resource in trial, the ballast in temptation, the solace in dark hours, the strength in unforeseen emergency, they would equip themselves now in their youthful days, with an armour and a weapon that time and use will but improve. "She is so original! It's a treat to hear her talk," said a friend the other day as she mentioned a bright woman of my acquaintance. And I remembered the talker, and her sensible, breezy, well-thought-out periods, and I know that they were the comely fruit of many a girlish hour of study and sponge-like absorbing of the best ideas of her authors and her comrades, and without which two priceless traits she would have developed into a chattering fool. I always remember a little line in the Gospels when I meet these well stocked brains, about the man who brought forth out of his treasury things new and old. And what can be more delightful to the tired and idealess and overworked man or woman than to be present when the bringing out of the treasures is in progress? A quaint fancy curves your lip in a smile, a serious thought sinks like a blessing into some empty corner of your mind and brings forth fruit in season. A graceful verse, in mellow accents spoken, gilds the darkest cloud that broods over your firmament; a sharp criticism startles you into alert sympathy or dissent, and you are so much the richer and your benefactor is none the poorer, for the marvel of these mind treasures is that like the quality of mercy they bless him who gives and him who takes, and their division only multiplies and enlarges them.

•

"How shall I do my hair?" asks a maiden whose brown locks are often unbecomingly piled up and who recognizes the fact. This is a question which ought to exercise the female mind more than it does. There are more faces rendered plain by an unbecoming *coiffure* than by any other agency I know of. The fat-faced girl twists her locks up tightly into an unmerciful knot, and leaves her large face bare and unframed; the delicate-featured, thin-faced woman leaves strands flying and wisps behind her ears; the woman who should balance her profile with a Greek knot wears a compadour, and the head that would be meetly crowned by a coronet of braids flattens out before a Langtry knot. Let me tell you how much your appearance depends upon your hair, my lady readers, and give time and thought to its care. And whatever you do, my growing up girls, brush it often and braid it at night and don't let it fly loose at any time. Such a *coiffure*, or lack of *coiffure*, should depart when skirts descend anklewards.

•

The latest freak of the ever fresh Emperor of Germany is to forbid the small Deutschers the use of political names at their baptism. Robespierre and such suggestive titles are *taboo!* Does he really think that its names influence the mind and manners of infant Germany? Baptismal appellations are sometimes all-powerful in preserving traditions that elevate and nerve their owner, and why should they not also exercise a demoralizing influence? The boy who reverences his father is glad to bear his name, while Bill Sykes, junior, lives always under a suspicion. I like to think of my lovely grandmother, whose name I bear, and to whisper to myself that the hard-working Lady Gay of to-day must amid the sordid cares of life be sometimes worthy of the goodness and the brightness and the sweetness of the Lady Gay of two generations back. There is some inkling of this subtle influence in the sable father's mind when he calls his picaninny "George Washington Lincoln," and perhaps after all "Billy Hohenzollern," as some naughty English paper calls him, is right to give his embryo statesmen and fighting machines every chance, even in the healthy influence of a decent and respectable name.]

•

The bad-tempered editor, who rejoices in that unattractive soubriquet because he is the most amiable and gentle soul alive, came hurrying into my room last week with a pale face and a terrified expression, and ejaculated as he waved in the air and deposited on my desk several sheets of paper fastened together with a brass clip, "There, Lady Gay, I won't read it. Take your own correspondence, and if you need help you can call out to me." Taking for granted that something unusual had come to light; I began the perusal of the letter, for such it proved to be. The writer was mad, and what do you think about? My true and authentic sketch of the farmer's daughters which occurred a fortnight ago. I should have answered her very alarming effusion at once, but I waited to show it to my "maids of the farm" and ask them whether they agreed with my correspondent that I had insulted them. Their answer was eminently soothing to my nerves, but would only make the person who demanded my suppression crosser than ever, so I forbear to inflict it upon her. Farm maidens are not so sensitive as some people imagine, and fortunately editors are likewise rather callous to remarks whose frankness is their only redeeming feature. The mistakes made by the person who abused Lady Gay and doubted the resources of her mind and her wardrobe, are only what might be expected, and have their root in that love of a "scrap" which is the propelling power of many an undignified epistolary downfall.

•

But Lady Gay has none of this Hibernian weakness, and hastens to tender her most abject apologies to the writer of the letter aforesaid, begging ten thousand pardons for doubting the eternal fitness of the home-manufactured or even professionally-shaped tea gowns of that lady and all her female relations and friends. For why should the cudgels be taken up, and the bad-tempered editor scared in such a manner for a small matter like that? Please, another time, fire straight at Lady Gay, my good creature, for she is here to be shot at, by those armed as you are, and she likes it. And if you can forgive her for her truthful account of her own experience, just because it was *true*, please bury the hatchet and be friends with her. She could tell just as good a story on the other side, and probably will.

•

I had a little experience that may be of use to some woman who loves flowers as much as I do. Last winter when I went home for Christmas I put my plants down cellar and thought no more about them, until I came back and found the cellar door open and my goodly stock of geraniums and other pets stiff and stark. Words are powerless in such cases, but my window gardens have been scant and poverty-stricken all summer in consequence. I invested in a few geraniums, and the other day I cut them down and planted my cuttings in a box of sand in the back yard. They have all rooted and are looking fine (the outdoor air seems so good for cuttings) and I shall have a grand row of strong young plants before frost comes. The winter window garden, where my bonny children bloom and grow and which looks so fresh and green from the street, shall come without expense, and shall be all the more interesting as a successful experiment.

LADY GAY.

Night.

For Saturday Night.

Sigh on and sea, thy sobbing soothsth me.
Wail on wild wind along thy winding way.
Fade, fade, ye flaming flood gates in the sea,
Let night have sway.

Life is a lonely labyrinth and the light
Mocketh my misery, and glamorous day
Smileth derisling on my shadowed sight.
Let night have sway.

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Cretonnes yet going at 8½c. Not a cretonne, but keeping company in the same shelves, will be found a choice stock of Turkey red Chintz in pretty patterns. Shoppers know them as making up so nicely for bed comforters and quilts. Price reasonable at 17½c. yard.

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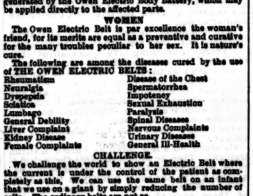

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. SMITH IS WARNED.

Mrs. Doore was never quite sure afterwards how she accomplished her journey that night, but accomplish it she did, and in less than an hour she stood underneath the hugh castle walls. The rest of her task was easy. An ordinary farmyard gate led over what had once been a moat into the inner courtyard, upon which the windows of the inhabited portion of the building looked. Here she paused for a minute, and taking up a pebble threw it sharply against a window directly opposite. Then was a brief interval of suspense; then a light appeared, the window was opened, and a woman's head slowly appeared.

"Is there anyone there?" she called out softly. "Who is it?"

Mrs. Doore drew a little nearer the window. "It is I—Annie," she cried. "Let me in, mother."

"Annie! Annie! At this time of night! What has happened? What do you want?"

"Let me in, and I will tell you, mother," she cried. "Quick."

The head was withdrawn, and soon there was the sound of heavy bolts slipping back from the great oaken door, and the clanking of a chain. Then it was opened a little, and Mrs. Doore slipped inside with a sigh of relief.

Her mother took up the lamp which she had placed upon the floor, and held it high over her head while she looked anxiously into her daughter's face. Both women were as pale as death, but of the two Mrs. Smith's appearance was the more ghastly. Her gray hair was streaming down her back, and her thin sharpened face was all tremulous with fear, while the long bony fingers which held the lamp shook so that it seemed more than once about to slip from her grasp. She stood there with her eyes eagerly scanning her daughter's pain-stricken face and bedraggled appearance, but it was some time before she could frame a question.

"What is it, child?" she asked at length, in a low, shaking whisper. "Danger?"

"Ay, mother, I fear so, or I should not be here at this time of the night. Lord Alceston is—"

"He is not coming here!" cried her mother. "He is here—at our cottage. My God."

There was a moment's silence. At first Mrs. Smith had tottered, and had seemed about to faint. Her daughter moved quickly to her side and, supporting her with her arm, led her to a chair.

"What does he want? What has he come here for?" she asked, hoarsely. "Does he know?"

Her daughter shook her head.

"I cannot tell; I think not. They told him about the light, and I watched him all the time. He showed no sign."

"Perhaps he has only come to see the place," Mrs. Smith said slowly. "He has never been here."

"It may be so, but he has seen the light. He will want to go into that room. You must go and warn him at once, and get everything ready."

The old woman began to tremble again.

"What shall I do if he stays long?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Oh, I shall go mad; I know I shall."

"Nonsense, mother, you mustn't talk like that. Nothing will happen if you are careful. You must not let him stir from his room while Lord Clanavon is here, not for one moment."

"Come and stop with me, Annie—do."

"I will, mother, I promise you, if he stays. But I must get back now at once."

"How came he to your cottage?"

"He had lost his way on the cliffs, and Jim and the lads found him and brought him down. It was a fortunate chance. Now, mother, I must go. Remember when he comes tomorrow you know nothing about his being close at hand."

"I shall remember. But, my child, you are wet through to the skin. Have a little brandy, or shall I make Tom light the fire and get some tea?"

"Neither, mother. I must go this minute! Look, morning is breaking already!"

Far away over the restless gray sea, faint streaks of white light were breaking through the dark clouds, and casting a lurid, ghastly coloring upon the waste of waters. Side by side mother and daughter stood for a minute watching the struggling morning dawn upon the storm-tossed waves. Directly the faint gleams of light had triumphed Mrs. Doore wrapped her shawl around her and turned to go.

"Remember, mother," she said, "it is for his sake. Be careful! Send him away as you like after he has come. Good-bye now."

Mrs. Smith drew herself up.

"Have no fear, Annie. Now that I am prepared, the danger is less. I must go to him now and prepare him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHAMBER IN THE TOWER—A DISCOVERY.

It was nearly mid-day when Lord Clanavon, breathless with his climb, stood before the heap of ruins which centuries before had been the ancestral home of his family. Before making any attempt to discover the inhabited portion of it, he clambered up on the outside wall and looked around him.

It was not a cheerful prospect by any means that he looked upon. The iron-bound cliffs, against which the gray sea came thundering in, looked cold and forbidding, untrodden by any form of vegetation to soften their threatening aspect, and the country inland, as far as the eye could see, looked bleak and desolate, with a succession of dreary, houseless wastes. The castle itself, or rather its remains, were in complete accord with the surroundings. There was none of the picturesqueness of most ruins about its crumbled walls and bastions. All the sadness of decay was there without the softening hand of beauty to glose it over. Not a sprig of ivy or even lichen had grown upon the bare stonework. The fierce sea winds had done their work, and had added desolation to destruction.

Lord Clanavon, who was a young man of distinctly artistic tastes, which had been developed by his long rambles in sunny southern lands, felt a chill creep over him when he looked around. His first thought was that this was the wildest, barest corner of the earth on which he had ever set foot. Then his father's frequent visits here flashed into his mind, and he felt pained. What pleasure could he have found in visiting such a miserable spot—and alone, too! For resolute and absolute self-withdrawal from mankind it was certainly admirably adapted. There would be no distraction from thought, nothing to break in upon or interfere with it. But was it necessary to come to such a place to gain it? Surely not! And yet—to be fond of it for its own sake! Was such a vagary of taste possible?

He clambered down to terra firma, and making his way towards the inhabited portion of the building saw for the first time a tall, rather fine looking old lady in a straight black silk dress, standing in the oaken doorway. As he approached, she made him a respectful inclination of the head, and looked inquiringly at him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith," he said. "I suppose you are Mrs. Smith?"

"That is my name, sir," she said quietly.

"Ah, I thought so. I think we have never met before, but you have heard of me. I am Lord Clanavon."

She looked at him and sighed.

"Tis easy to see that, my lord," she said. "I'm very glad and proud to see you; but it's a poor, miserable place to come to. Will your lordship come in?"

He followed her into the hall, looking curiously around him. She opened the doors of the two rooms opening out from it, and showed him them.

"These are the only habitable rooms except the one in the south tower, my lord," she said.

He looked around him, and felt woefully disappointed. Everything was dreary and commonplace, and in the last stage of decay.

"I should like to go to the room in the south tower," he said. "Isn't that the part of the building which my father used to inhabit when he came here?"

"Yes, my lord. There was no other part fit for him."

"It seems strange to me that he should have come here at all," Lord Alceston remarked, strolling to the window. "I had no idea that the place was such a complete ruin."

"I think his lordship used to come here now and then when he had work to do which needed complete quiet," she said. "There were no interruptions to be feared here—no gentlemen to call in and see him, and take up his time. The place is healthy, too, my lord, and the fishing is very good."

"So I suppose," he answered. "Fishing is not a favorite sport of mine, though—rather a lady sea fishing. I never have any luck. By the by, Mrs. Smith, your face reminds me very much of somebody I've seen lately. Who is it, I wonder?"

If he had been watching her closely he could scarcely have avoided noticing the quick start and the sudden movement of her hand to her side. But he had strolled to one of the other windows, and his back was turned to her. Besides, he was very little interested in the matter.

"I don't know, my lord, I'm sure," she answered, slowly, "unless it may have been Mrs. Doore."

"Of course. Mrs. Doore it was," he assented. "A most respectable woman she is, too. What relation is she?"

"My daughter."

"Indeed! Ah! I can see the likeness quite plain now," he said, turning round. "Fortunate for you, you have relations. It must be very dull. And now suppose we have a look at the south tower."

"Certainly, my lord; there is the key," pointing to where it hung, covered with cobwebs and dust, on a rusty nail. "It has not been used since his lordship was here."

He followed her down a long passage which smelt very mouldy, across a vast room, once a banqueting hall, now partly open to the skies; up some steps and along another corridor, in the walls of which were great clefts, through which he could see the gray sea rolling beneath. At its extremity they came to a great oaken door studded with nails.

"This is the door of the room, my lord," she said, clutching the handle, for the strong sail wind was roaring through great fissures in the roof and walls, blowing her stiff skirts around her and carrying her voice far away.

Lord Alceston looked downwards, and almost at their feet saw the little cluster of fishermen's cottages where he had passed the night, looking like doll houses some six hundred feet below. The sight reminded him of something. He drew in his head and looked curiously at the solid door before him.

"Is there any other key to this door, Mrs. Smith?" he asked

She shook her head. "Certainly not, my lord; you have the only one."

"Then this door has not been opened since my father was here last?"

"It has not, my lord."

He took off his hat, and held it in his hand, while the wind played havoc with his fair hair, which he kept less closely cut than most Englishmen.

"I suppose you've heard about the mysterious light which is supposed to shine from this room at nights?" he said.

"I have heard that there is some story of the sort about amongst the fishermen, my lord," she answered. "They are a superstitious race."

"So I suppose. But there certainly was a light burning last night which appeared to come from this tower," he said. "How do you account for it?"

She pointed to the flagstaff a little to their right.

"In very stormy weather, my lord, I have sometimes hung a lantern there as a sort of signal. I have a relation who owns coal ships at Mewlton, and I promised him that I would do so."

"Was the lantern there last night?"

"It was, my lord."

He looked puzzled for a minute, then he shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"I might have known it was something of this sort," he said. "Now for this room."

He turned the key which he had already fitted into the lock, and slowly, with much effort, the door opened. The first thing he noticed was that the entrance had dislodged several cobwebs which had hung about the door and in the keyhole, and that a thick layer of dust upon the floor was pushed away by the movement of the door.

"That settles it still more conclusively," he remarked. "Proof positive, you see, that this door has not been opened for months."

He stood on the threshold and looked about him curiously, even eagerly. The room was quite a small one, hexagonal in shape, and lit by windows at each side. The furniture was much more modern than any which he had seen about the place, and there was plenty of it. A turkey carpet, soft to the foot, and scarcely old prints and one or two oil paintings hung upon the walls above the oak panels. There was nothing in the least degree extraordinary about the room, except its congruity with the rest of the place.

"Shall you be making any stay here, my lord?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Not I," he answered. "I am in search of some papers which belonged to my father, and which I thought might be here—that is why I came."

"The desk and bureau are just as he left them, my lord," she said quietly. "I hope that you may find them. I will send you some luncheon here—such as we can get about one o'clock. And about a bed, my lord?"

"Bed! Oh, I'm not going to sleep here, thanks," he said. "I've sent one of the men from down below there to Mewlton for a fly. I expect it will be here about five."

She turned her face away that he might not see her relief. Then she left him, closing the door after her.

Lord Clanavon listened to her retreating footsteps until they died away in the distance. There's something very queer about that old lady," he said to himself, thoughtfully. "She wasn't in the least surprised to see me. She trembled when I spoke of that mysterious light, and yet pretended to despise it; and she couldn't conceal her delight when I told her that I wasn't going to stop. And how she reminds me of someone, too, besides Mrs. Doore; can't think who the mischief it is, though."

He stood for a few minutes buried in silent thought. Then he moved towards the writing table, which stood facing one of the windows, and sank into the chair directly in front of it.

There were loose papers lying about, many of them covered with memoranda in his father's handwriting. He took one of them up reverently. It consisted of notes for an article in a review. He tried another. It was a criticism of a recent remarkable novel. These were all interesting, and must certainly be preserved; but they were not what he had come to look for. He put them on one side, and commenced turning out the drawers.

The Earl of Harewdean, admirable public servant though he had been, had not been by any means a methodical or orderly man in his private affairs. Lord Alceston recognized that fact to his sorrow directly he commenced his search. Bills, receipts, invitations, begging letters, letters of congratulation, and political letters from the chief of his colleagues, were all bundled together in an incongruous heap. At first he had intended to sort them as he went on, but he soon desisted from the attempt, and contented himself with merely glancing through each bundle of papers, and then throwing them on one side.

At last he had examined every drawer but one, and that one was one of the keys which he had brought with him would open. As soon as he had assured himself of this, he looked about him for means of forcing it open, and, finding no other, he took the poker, and with one blow fractured the woodwork of the drawer. Through the opening thus made he drew out a little bundle of letters and a photograph. Directly his fingers closed upon them he felt that his efforts were about to be rewarded.

He laid them before him without undoing the broad, black ribbon which bound them together. Was it not strange that almost like superstition he look at them? It seemed to him that they were somehow sacred—sacred to the dead. If his father were living, would he have them opened? And yet on the other hand it was his curiosity which was prompting him. He had no wish, he rather felt a shrinking from any attempt to delving into the light of day things which his father had left buried. But there were other things to be thought of. There was guilt to be punished, and a hideous secret had gone unpunished. There was more too; there was a vague suspicion floating in the mind of one person at least, too horrible to be breathed, too horrible for him to accept even for a single second. But a time might come when it would be better that he could of his own knowledge turn upon a little which it seemed to hold. The time might come when, as well as avenger, he might have to play the part of defender, and it would be well for him to be prepared. He hesitated no longer. It seemed to him that his duty lay plain before him.

And yet his fingers trembled a little as he untied the ribbon; it seemed to him so like desecration, so like doing a mean action for expediency's sake. But it must be done—it was done. The six or seven letters, yellow with age, and emitting a faint musky perfume, lay open before him, and the photograph was in his hands.

It had been taken out of doors—probably by an amateur—for there was no photographer's name at the back and no address. But it had been very well taken. Many years old though it must have been, the figures were still distinct and unfaded, and Lord Clanavon felt a strange sensation creeping over him as he gazed at them. It was his father, he knew that in a moment, but the woman! Who was she!

His hand trembled a little as he laid it down. His mind had been full of something of this sort when he had commenced his search, but the discovery was a shock to him. He told himself that he had expected it, that if he had not found it he would have been disappointed. But none the less in his heart he knew that it was a great shock. He, himself, was no Puritan, but there were some sins taken often as a matter of course by young men in his position, to which he had never stooped. He had no very high ideals of life, and it had been perhaps somewhat a selfish one—at any rate, only negatively good. But he had a strong sense of right and wrong, and a strong will to back up his knowledge; and when it was only negatively good it had never been positively bad; and so this photograph and those letters breathing out a faint delicate odor of some unknown perfume, seemed very terrible to him.

He looked again into the face of the woman who was standing with her hand resting upon his father's shoulder. Yes, she was beautiful; there was no denying it. There was witchery in those large full eyes and in the delicate curve of the little mouth, witchery in the fair hair which floated around her oval face, and in the tall, supple figure. Whether it was the face of a good woman or no, it was the face of a beautiful one.

He took up one of the letters, and opened it with less reverence than he would have done had he not seen the photograph. As he read his cheeks burned with a sort of shame that he should be reading what was so evidently only meant for the eyes of one—and that one his father! It was a passionate love-letter, written in French, and signed simply Cecile.

Two others were in the same strain, and similarly devoid of anything which could help him in the least. Towards the close of the third, however, there was a passage which he read twice over.

"And you will be here the day after to-morrow. Ah! it seems too great happiness to think of it. How I long to see you, Bernard, and how weary the days have seemed when you have been so far away, and I have been shut up here alone with *mon pere*, and with Marie. There have been so many things to tell you, dearest, and—you will not be cross with your Cecile—I must ask you a favor. It is about Marie, Bernard. When you first came to see us I almost fancied sometimes that it was for her you cared. You talked to her so often—much oftener than to me, and, Bernard, I think that she fancied so too. Her whole manner has changed to me, since—you know when. I fear that she is jealous, nay, I know it. She seems to think that I have stolen your love away from her. Tell me, Bernard, dearest, is it so? Did you ever care for her?

"My father is much brighter, and says that his trouble has passed away. Bernard, he says that it is you who have made him so much happier. I fear that you have been sending him money, dearest, I wish that you would not; it all goes like water. It seems as though he were born to be in difficulties; and though it is very sweet to me in one way to think of you as being our preserver, still it makes me ashamed and unhappy. You give all, and what return can you have? Only my love, and that is yours for ever and ever and ever."

There was another letter—the last of the packet—written in a different handwriting, and much shorter than the others. The last sentence was a shock to him greater by far than any which he had yet received. Unlike the others, it was dated and bore an address.

18 Rue de St. Pierre, Paris, May 5, —8

My sister Cecile died yesterday afternoon in my arms. It was her wish, a few hours before the end came, that I should send for you. I know as it was impossible that you could arrive in time I did not trouble you. The messages she left all upon one head, as you may be sure that you will never receive them from me. Had she lived a little longer she would doubtless have lived to curse your memory, as I do.—MARIE.

P.S.—I enclose a copy of her death certificate.

But the greatest surprise of all was to come. There remained one more paper in the little bundle, and surely the most important of the last. It was a copy of a marriage certificate between Bernard Clanavon, bachelor, and Cecile Maurice, spinster, at a Roman Catholic church in the suburbs of Paris, thirty years ago.

. . . . . .

Lord Clanavon sat for more than an hour, deep in thought. He had uncarthed a secret which greatly disturbed him, and which did not throw the faintest light upon his quest. This early marriage of his father's was a thing long since past and buried. If there had been no marriage, and if she who signed herself Cecile had been loving, there might have been a clue; but as it was, the whole thing was dead, a story finished, a page turned over for ever. After so long a lapse of years what could have survived from this apparently ill-fated marriage, which could in any way have cast a shadow so far into the future? As he folded the little bundle of papers up and placed them in his pocket, Lord Clanavon felt that he would have given much never to have found them.

There was nothing else to examine in the room. He strolled aimlessly around, looking at the pictures and out of the windows at the fine view. As he turned round, he trod upon a newspaper, and with a very weak curiosity he stooped and picked it up. At the first glance he knitted his brows, perplexed, and turned it over rapidly. Then he gave a quick start of surprise, and a sudden flash of excitement flashed into his eyes.

"By Jove," he muttered, "there's some mystery here, after all. Eight months, Mrs. Smith tells me, this room has been locked up, and on the floor here is last week's *Times*."

(To be Continued.)

A Sudden Attachment.

Match-making.

The matches of which it is our cue to speak are not of the kind supposed to be made in heaven, and which some libelous person say are tipped with combustible elements in a lower locality. In short, there are Lucifer matches, of which so many billions of billions are manufactured annually.

Austria, the principal match-maker of the old world, produces no less than two thousand five hundred tons of them every year for exportation merely. In this country we use, it is computed, between five and six hundred millions of matches daily, or at the rate of ten per day for each unit of the sum total of our population. In England the individual average is only eight per day; but then we are such wholesale smokers!

A Good Pace.

A woman, by way of experiment, recently tied a pedometer to her chin, and discovered that she had talked thirty-three miles between breakfast and lunch.

The Ways of Women.

At a religious meeting in Illinois a number of females stood upon the benches, notwithstanding they were desired not to do so. A venerable pastor then quietly arose, and said: "I think if these ladies knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down!" Upon which there was a great fidgeting among the ladies, and an immediate sinking into their seats.

A young minister, who stood behind the venerable gentleman, blushing up to the temples, said: "Oh, brother, how could you say that?"

"Say that!" replied the old man. "Why, it must be a fact; if they had not got holes in their stockings, I would like to know how they could get them on."

There never was a greater boon to the housewife. Every form of stain or dirt disappears before "Leader Pearline"—the new solitaire. Wash cotton, linen or flannel with it. It cleans all kinds of utensils. It will clean your silverware. It is a phenomenal soap saver, because it does the work without the use of soap at all. It makes a wonderful improvement in your clothing after you have used it a few times. Powder, but not the old powder, the powder which destroyed both your hands and your clothes. It makes the skin soft, and too hardest washing easy. Ask your grocer.

The Way To Do It.

Miss Budd—How do you manage to keep your clothes so nice on board the yacht?

Yachtsman—Oh, yachtsmen only wear their yachting clothes on land.

He Remembered.

Squeers (at the circus)—Look at Pennibs! See how he starts every time the ring-master flourishes his horsewhip!

Nickleby—Yes; Pennibs used to edit a society paper, you know.—*Boston News.*

Paternal Ministrations.

Young Husband—Amy, what makes that baby yell in that way?

Young Wife—His teeth, dear.

Young Husband—Oh, if that's all I'll run for a dentist and have them pulled out.

A Good Excuse.

Aunt Libbie—Where's dat piece ob bacon an' poun' ob butter I tol' you ter git down to the store?

Uncle Rastus—Fo' de Lawd, I dun clean forgot 'em! But I tell you it am mighty easy for dem greasy things ter slip my memory dis hot weather.

Mr. Leon Ste. Marie, of Marieville, P.Q., says that he has been taking a number of different medicines for many years against dyspepsia, but no one has done him so much good as Dr. Sey's Remedy.

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Mrs. Quinn's Master-Stroke.

It was quite an open secret in the Brannigan family that Mrs. Brannigan had come down at Clamville-by-the-Sea for the express purpose of offering her eldest daughter Tilda extra facilities for securing a husband.

Both Mary Cadogan, Mrs. Brannigan's twin sister, and Mrs. Delia Quinn were aware of this, and as the summer began to wear away, these two old worthies laid their heads together and decided that they must hurry matters on a bit and bring Tilda's matrimonial quest to a satisfactory conclusion.

"I'd loike to do Julia a favor, I would," exclaimed Mrs. Quinn, beaming as she discussed the matter with Mary on the back piazza. "She's been nighty good to me this summer. Julia's queer, and she gets highfalutin notions now and then, but her heart's in the right place. It ain't many girls, now, whim they've made their pile and got as foine a place as this is, as would be askin' their ould time friends to come down and stay all summer. Faith, this is the first toime in me life that for two months runnin' I've had puddin' every day."

"Yes," declared Miss Cadogan. "Julia's good-hearted, there ain't no use talkin'. But she's enjoyed havin' us here. She told me if it Tilda's been for Tilda's sake's on in that old shed there, she wouldn't have had nothin' to complain about all summer."

After a moment's matter deliberation Mrs. Quinn exclaimed, impressively, with a broad sweep of her large right hand:

"Do you know what I'm goin' to do, Mary? Well, I'll tell you now. I'm goin' to get rid of that barn for Julia and get an engagement ring for Tilda at the same toime, or else me name ain't Delia Quinn and me invention has gone back on me.

The shed in question stood at the bottom of the Brannigans' garden and was a most dilapidated sort of cross between a stable and a pigsty, entirely out of keeping with the other portions of the villa.

The landlord seemed to have entirely overlooked it when he was repairing and repainting the other parts of the establishment, and although Mrs. Brannigan had entreated him with tears in her eyes either to pull it down or to make it reasonably respectable, he had kept putting it off from day to day, until here it was the middle of August, and not so much as a coat of whitewash had been administered to the shed.

"You'll have to help me, Mary, as much as you can," pursued Mrs. Quinn. "First thing we want to do is to get a halo for Barney McGivern. He's a foine, handsome lookin' fellow, Barney, but he ain't romantic enough for Tilda. If we don't she'll be hitchin' herself to that putty-faced young Eugene Wyncoop, the man with the pedigree."

"But what does Barney be wanting wid a halo round his head? He ain't no angel."

"Oh Mary, can't you see things at all. I don't mean a halo of that kind. But it's like this: There's that Eugene Wyncoop, as is just travellin' on his manners and his pedigree, as he calls it, which he's always carrying in his pocket. Tilda's so struck wid his name and the airs of him that she won't as much as look at Barney. What Barney needs is a little of what the poets call the light which never was on land or sea. I called it a halo just to save toime."

That evening the Clamville Hippodrome was treated to two sensations. The new fire engine arrived in town, and Miss Tilda Brannigan announced to her assembled family at the tea table that she was about to go on the boards of the Clamville Theater in the capacity of a star.

The fire engine had cost a good deal more money than had been expected, and therefore the amateur fire company, of which both Eugene Wyncoop and Barney McGivern were shining lights, decided to give a performance of Sewanaka, the White Squaw, to defray the expenses. Wyncoop, who was the fire chief, immediately offered Miss Brannigan the leading role, and that evening after fire drill, he came up to the Brannigans' to talk things over.

They were all sitting on the piazza when he and Tilda appeared. He talked to the company generally and then went over and sat down by Mrs. Quinn.

"Here's something that perhaps you would like to look at, Mrs. Quinn," he remarked as he presented her with a roll of parchment. "I've just been showing it to Miss Brannigan, and I thought perhaps it might interest the rest of you. It's my coat-of-arms, you know, and my genealogical tree.

"I trace my ancestry back to 1154," he continued with a smile of pride, as Mrs. Wyncoop, as you will notice, was Archbishop of Canterbury in Henry XI.'s reign.

Mrs. Quinn handed the parchment to him without saying a single word. But no sooner were she and Miss Cadogan alone than she astonished that good woman by droning to herself:

"William I., 1066; William II., 1087; Henry I., 1100; Stephen, 1135; Henry II., 1154.

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "I knew that he was lyin' somewhere. I didn't learn much at school, but I know me dates. There never was no such king as Henry XI."

Then Mrs. Quinn went off into such a fit of laughter that it shook her like a veritable jelly.

"The foine gentleman's got a thing or two to learn yet. Why, he can't translate a number yet. II., which is Roman for second, he goes and reads in plain American sleventh. Did you ever hear the likes of that?

"Dade," exclaimed Miss Cadogan mysteriously, "did you notice the bar cannister on his crest!"

"The what!"

"The bar cannister, I tell ye. Wance, at a house where I was cook, me mistress gave me a book of suits of arms to look at. Then she told me a whole lot about 'em and what all the different things meant. I've forgotten all the rest she told me, but the bar cannister made an indelible impression.

"I'd know wan of them now wid me eyes shut, and that Wyncoop has got wan sure. Put your head down and I'll whisper the perticulars to you."

Mrs. Quinn obeyed and gradually, as the drift of Miss Cadogan's remarks dawned upon her, her features took on a triumphant grin.

"Faith, now, why didn't that strike me at all! Archbishops can't marry, to be shure. But that settles it. Tilda sha'n't marry him now if I die for it, for I'll never own as nephews and nieces childers whose great-great-great-great-great-grandmother wasn't a perfect lady."

Within three days every fence in Clamville announced that "Miss Matilda Brannigan, the renowned society amateur actress, would appear in Sewanaka, the White Squaw, on Saturday night, Aug. 15, supported by Mr. Eugene Wyncoop and a select coterie of society leaders."

Rehearsals were called for twice a day, and consequently so much was Tilda engrossed with her part that her family saw scarcely anything of her and poor McGivern nothing at all. He used to hang about the house and make love in a mild sort of way to Tilda's second sister Bridgie, who had not been invited to take part in the play.

He had consented to appear as one of the White Squaw's Indian warriors, more for the pleasure of being near her than from any desire to appear in public, but as this was essentially a thinking *role*, he was left with a good deal of time on his hands, and Mrs. Quinn, seeing how disconsolate he looked, finally took compassion upon the poor fellow.

She dragged him off for a long walk, and by the time she brought him home again his features were one broad grin. Mrs. Quinn and Baby Brannigan were also much together in those days.

By Miss Cadogan's express stipulation Baby was not to witness his sister's *debut*. Miss Cadogan did not approve of theatrical performances in any shape or form, and as Baby was the prospective heir it was thought best to regulate his conduct accordingly.

On the morning of the day of the performance Mrs. Quinn did a most extraordinary thing. She volunteered to water the garden of her own accord. Just in front of the barn, to which Mrs. Brannigan so strenuously objected, there was quite a little pile of hay. Mrs. Quinn was observed to examine it very carefully and then to gauge with her eye the distance from the hay loft to the ground. Then she turned the hose on the hay until it was thoroughly soaked and betook herself to the house again. There were piles of hay in the rear of the barn and also on each side. Mrs. Quinn didn't bother about soaking them, however; the pile before the hay loft door absorbed her entire attention.

That night, when Tilda was all ready to start for the theater, Mrs. Quinn and Miss Cadogan wished her every joy.

"Well, I hope you'll be a thumpin' success, Tilda," remarked Mrs. Quinn. "Me and Mary shall be thinkin' of you, though we shan't be there. I'd go in a minute if it wasn't for me toothache, and anyhow, even if it did let up, I couldn't go now, for I've promised to take Baby up in the hayloft and let him play in the hay. Tell Barney, if you see him, to come up for supper. What wid these rehearsals and the fire engine practices, I ain't laid eyes on him in t'ree days."

Then turning to Baby, she exclaimed: "Now, come along, darlint, let's go up in the hayloft."

When the curtain rose on the first act of Sewanaka, standing room was at a premium.

The stage was set as a prairie, with an Indian encampment in the foreground. The twenty-one members of the Clamville Fire Department, metamorphosed for the time being into the Indian followers of the White Squaw, lay about the stage in various attitudes of languor.

One by one the warriors grew drowsy and sank to rest. The moon arose above the prairie grass, and, while the orchestra played slow music, there entered from R. E. Miss Tilda Brannigan, the White Squaw.

You could have heard a pin drop anywhere in the theater as the White Squaw, daintily picking her way among the sleeping men, advanced to the footlights on tiptoe. Everybody leaned forward to catch the first syllable which should fall from her silvery lips. There was an instant's pause, and then she spoke.

"See," she exclaimed, in a staccato whisper, "the dusky warriors sleep."

Hardly had the sentence left her lips when the fire bell began to ring.

Every dusky warrior sprang to his feet tumultuously and tore headlong off the stage. In an instant they had cleared the stairs and, in full war paint and feathers, were rushing down the street toward the engine house, helter skelter. The White Squaw, left alone in her glory, beat an ignominious retreat behind the scenes, where she threw herself upon a camp stool and at once began to cry.

Eugene Wyncoop, the only man who had stood by his chieftain, then advanced to the footlights and began to stammer forth an apology, which wasn't at all necessary, as half the audience had already left the hall and the other half were getting out with the utmost alacrity.

There was nothing for it but to pull the curtain down and go and comfort the White Squaw. But when he reached the dressing-room the bird had vanished as completely as any of her warriors, and looking out of the window, Wyncoop caught sight of her running madly up the street. An instant later the fire engines, armed by nineteen dusky Indians, dashed by in the direction of the Brannigan House.

"Where's the fire?" he shouted, and a small boy who was tearing up the street called back at him:

"It's the Brannigan barn."

There was a red glare in the sky in that direction, and as the poor White Squaw, out of breath and half dead with fright, rushed toward it, it seemed to her as though she would never reach there alive. If there was one thing above all else in this world which the White Squaw loved, it was the hayloft in her barn. She suddenly she remembered what Mrs. Quinn had said about Baby going up into the hayloft to play.

The glow was getting brighter every minute, and she was still three blocks away. She had to stop a moment to catch her breath, and as she did so she saw an Indian rushing from the direction of the fire toward her who looked marvellously like Barney.

"Barney," she cried, "for God's sake tell me where's Baby!"

"Oh, he's all right," exclaimed McGivern. "I was just runnin' back to tell you about it, Tilda. I thought you might be scared.

"I got there just in time, though. When we ran out of the teayter I seen where the fire was, so I left the other fellows to get the engine out and I ran on by a short cut. When I got there, there was Mrs. Quinn and Miss Cadogan a standin' in the yard a screamin' and wringin' their hands, and there was Baby, wid the flames a creepin' up all around him, standin' in the hayloft."

Tilda turned away her head in horror and ejaculated:

"Oh, for God's sake!"

"I ran up to the barn and called out to him: 'Jump' I sez, 'I'll catch you shure.' So the little beggar he justs shuts his eyes and grits his teeth together and then he jumps right into me arms. For heaven's sake—"

Before he could say another word the White Squaw had thrown her arms about him.

"Oh, Barney," she cried. "I've been pretty mean to you, but after this you're the man for me."

Then, for the first time, she noticed he was wearing his right arm in a sling.

"Oh, that's nothin'," he explained. "When Baby jumped he hurt me arm a bit, and Mrs. Quinn says she thinks it's broke. She happened to have this sling lying around, so she told me to slip me arm into it and run off to get you, and we could examine it when we got back."

"Now, ain't that lucky," said the White Squaw, who, now that all danger was over, was fast regaining her composure.

"Why, I seen Aunt Della sewin' on that sling yesterday morning. She told me then it was a bit of fancy work."

By this time they had reached the house, and the White Squaw rushing forward, seized Baby up in her arms and hugged him.

"Arrah now, it's Barney you may be thankin' that he's alive at all," cried Mrs. Quinn, as she mopped her eyes. "The poor darlin' would have been a cinder now if it hadn't been for him. How the juice am I ever goin' to meet your ma and tell her as her beautiful barn's been burned while she was away."

"Oh, the barn don't matter, auntie," exclaimed the White Squaw. "Let's go and look at Barney's arm."

"Be jabers, I was forgettin' all about it. Mary, you stay here wid Baby and watch for Julia. Come along with me, Barney, dear, and we'll see if you're hurt bad. Tilda, you'd better stay here, too. I can make the inspection better by meself."

Two minutes later Mrs. Quinn returned with a very solemn cast of countenance.

"It's broke," she said. "It'll take about ten weeks to set it right. We won't need to call in a doctor, for it's as easy as winkin' to set an arm. Barney had better stay here, though, so we can have him under our eye."

The Wyncoop genealogical tree was lying on the piano. The White Squaw rolled it carefully up and then handing it to Baby, she said:

"Baby, dear, take that down to Mr. Wyncoop first thing to-morrow morning. Tell him that it's very nice but I've got no further use for it, and he'll have to get an understudy for the part in the play."

"The whole thing worked like clockwork," whispered Mrs. Quinn. "There wasn't wan of us that missed a cue. Julia's tickled to death that she's lost her barn. I can go back to town wid a free heart now, for I've fulfilled me vow and obligations."

"Yes, but how the divvie did you keep the fire down till I got here?" When Baby jumped it had just about begun to burn."

"Oh, and sure that was easy enough," replied Mrs. Quinn, with a good-natured laugh.

Late that night, after everybody else was in bed, Mrs. Quinn, Miss Cadogan, Barney and the Baby held a special session on the back piazza. Barney had dispensed with his story for the time being, and Baby Brannigan was giggling so that his aunt had to stuff a handkerchief into his mouth.

"Twas a grand success," explained Mrs. Quinn enthusiastically. "There wasn't wan of us as missed a cue. Julia's tickled to death at losing her barn, and you're all square wid Tilda."

"You're a jewel, Mrs. Quinn," exclaimed Barney, "but how did you manage to keep the fire down until I had time to get here?"

"Oh, faith, that was aisy enough." "Twas Mary rung it, and I give her special instruction to send it off t'ree minutes in advance."

How the Nobility Increase their Incomes.

It is a wonder of much speculation, even amongst their most intimate friends, how certain members of the aristocracy, with comparatively slender incomes, manage to live in a style befitting their rank and, at the same time, keep out of debt. But this is easily explained when the various means by which they supplement their incomes are disclosed.

One noble lord, whose splendid mansion in London is the envy of his friends, earns about £2,000 per annum by introducing wealthy but obscure persons of members of the "upper ten," his modus *operandi* being as follows:

On receipt of a cheque for two hundred guineas from the aspirant for aristocratic hospitality, he forwards an invitation to a coming garden or dinner party, as the case may be. The day comes, the wealthy nobody is introduced to a few impecunious somebodies, and the money is earned.

Last year a wealthy American from Chicago, who had amassed enormous wealth in the pork business, came to England in search of a wife with a title.

Not having any acquaintances in this country he was at a loss what to do in order to become acquainted with members of the English aristocracy. At last he heard of a certain impecunious baronet who, as he was told, for a pecuniary consideration agrees to effect introductions of this kind. He accordingly wrote to the baronet offering him a thousand pounds if he would introduce him to the leaders of acquaintances. The offer was accepted, the introductions were made, and the result was that the American got a wife with some of the bluest of blue blood in her veins.

There is at the present moment a lady moving in the highest circles, and referred as a leader of fashion, who receives a standing salary of ten guineas a week from a high class society journal, in consideration of sending a few fashionable items each week to the office of the paper, to be afterwards woven into paragraphs.

Another lady, the wife of a member of the House of Lords, receives £5 from each of six provincial journals, to whom she sends every week a Ladies' Letter one column in length.

Another lady of title earns a nice little sum yearly sending the accounts of the movements of her fashionable friends to a leading London daily.

Until a short time ago, several ladies who had access to the court earned large sums by presenting aspiring *debutantes* at the Queen's Drawing Rooms.

At last, one more rash than the rest advertised the fact in the columns of the leading newspapers. This getting to her majesty's ears, inquiries were made, and the offender discovered. Needless to say, this practice has now been put a stop to.

It is a well known fact that guests can be hired for dinner parties at the rate of a guinea a night.

This business has now developed to such an extent that one of the leading agencies of this description has on its books the names of several of the nobility. These, of course, of course, higher than those who go to fill up as it were, their terms varying from five to twenty guineas.

Another source of income is possessed by those who own mansions which are famous because of their historical interest, their picturesque situation, or some other reason. Some owners of these show-places receive from five hundred to a thousand pounds yearly from the charges made for admission to their places. In many instances (as in the case of the Duke of Westminster, who receives about six hundred pounds per annum from personal visitors Eaton Hall) the sum thus obtained is distributed amongst local charities, but where money is an object it is a welcome addition to the family exchequer. It was formerly the custom to distribute the spoils of the chase among friends and neighbors, but this is now changed, the game being sent to the markets of our large towns.

Last year one noble lord, who owns a magnificent sporting estate in the north of England, sent to the Manchester and Liverpool markets five thousand grouse, two thousand pheasants, nearly twenty thousand rabbits and hares, besides a large quantity of salmon. This is by no means an extraordinary quantity to be sent in one year, so the receipts from this source alone will be a very considerable one. The popularity of amateur photography throughout all classes of English society has been something phenomenal, and it is safe to say that no one has it obtained a firmer hold than among the aristocracy.

One of its most enthusiastic votaries is a certain lord, who not only finds in this pursuit a pleasurable hobby, but also a source of profit.

Armed with an instantaneous camera, fitted with all the latest improvements, he secures portraits of all his friends and acquaintances, and puts them away for future use. Then, when any of those persons whose photo he possesses dies, or in any other way acquires notoriety, he disposes of the portrait to an eminent firm of photographers in London, who thereupon make reproductions of it for sale amongst a sensation-loving public.

For these photographs he is paid sums varying from twenty to one hundred pounds each, according to the amount of interest centered in the originals.

Thus in a recent divorce case, in which a certain baronet figured somewhat prominently, he was paid one hundred and fifty pounds, owing to his being the only photograph in existence, the gentleman in question having an especial aversion to being photographed.

The Mysteries of Jam Making.

The *British Medical Journal* throws more light on the mysteries of jam-making. An inquiring stranger, it says, who was being shown over a British wine manufactory, was struck by several high mounds of crimson dust. These he was told were the refuse of the wine-presses in which the juice of raspberries, currants, and other fruit used in the business, was extracted for making the wine.

As it is seldom that anything is wasted in an English factory, an inquiry was made as to the form in which these mounds of dust would re-enter the market; the visitor was promptly told that it was disposed of to jam-makers to give the appearance of fruit to the pulp of turnip, vegetable, apple, or what-not, which forms the basis of the confection.

It would seem that almost anything will do to make jam of, as the chemist can produce a flavor to imitate every kind of fruit.

It is commonly supposed that orange-peel is picked up in the streets wherewith to make marmalade. Probably this is a slander on the preserve-maker; but, according to the report of a case heard this year in a Metropolitan police court, rotten oranges in the conditions of a "black pulpy substance," and "quite unfit to eat," were by the inspector very sagiently remarked, are considered by the owners of the fruit as good enough to be "chopped up for marmalade." Orangeades for this "excellent substitute for butter at breakfast," it was shown, cost only 4s. a box, whereas fruit for eating costs 12s. A disquieting fact indeed.

The Best in Existence.

Mr. G. N. Boyer, merchant, Carillion, Que., writes as follows: "I had a very sore back, which my doctors failed to cure. I was so bad I went to Montreal and consulted the best doctors in that city. The latter pronounced it lumbago and told me to apply a plaster, which I did, but was worse all the time. I then applied St. Jacobs Oil, and was much better next morning, and after another application was completely cured. I can highly recommend it as being the best medicine in evidence. I can mention another case, a farmer, laid up for some time with sore back and could get nothing to relieve him. He came to my store, bent in two with pain. I persuaded him to try a bottle of Oil, and told him if it did not cure him it should cost him nothing. A few days later he came in smiling. Two applications cured him. This is a man sixty years of age. I know of many such cases."

A Man of Many Aliases.

Powell—He wields a facile pen, does he?
Howell—Yes.
Powell—What's his *nom de plume*?
Howell—Any name that's good for the cheques he writes.

The Last Straw.

A neighbor—It's none of my business, but I think you do wrong in punishing the boy so severely. I heard him 'way out on the street.

Mr. Rodley—I can't help it. He's kept the whole house awake with the whooping-cough for three weeks, and now, just as he's getting better, he's asked me to buy him a flute and let him take lessons.

Man's Best Friend.

"Ethel Goodbell brought home a lovely souvenir spoon with her from England."

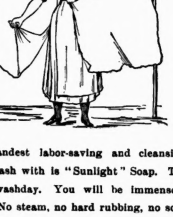
"I know; I saw her with him on the avenue, Sunday morning."

Johnny—Did you catch anything when you went fishin' yesterday?

Jimmy—Did I? Wait till we go in swimmin an' I'll show you some o' dad's marks!

SAY!

Do You Ever Wash?



The grandest labor-saving and cleansing Soap to wash with is "Sunlight" Soap. Try it next washday. You will be immensely pleased. No steam, no hard rubbing, no sore hands.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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ROMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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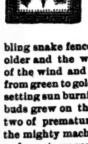
Golden Rod and Asters.



HIS week the golden rod is in full bloom. Months ago while the more fragile flowers were scenting the June air with the tender sweetness of their maturity, the golden rod's sturdy stem and spike-like leaves were unnoticed by the road side and in the angles of the weather-beaten, rambling snake fences. Then as the summer grew older and the wheat fields under the caresses of the wind and the shining of the sun rippled from green to gold as gradually as the rays of the setting sun burnish the water, little light green buds grew on the plant or perhaps an inch or two of premature bloom was seen. Then as the mighty machines began to sing in the fields and great wagons to groan and creak under the full, jolly-looking sheaves, and the men worked late under a great golden moon, longer sprays of bloom appeared: until this week when the last of the harvest stands shucked in bearded battalions, it bursts into full bloom as if the culmination of all the richness of the year. And with autumn's golden sceptre comes the regal purple of the aster, growing with it and supplying the note of sadness that underlies this season—the lovely peaceful season of nature's downfall. It is a sadness that is subtle and undefinable. All lovers of nature feel it, and Tennyson has described it so beautifully, so truthfully that we weaklings of song can but reverence and cannot imitate.

> "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
> Tears, from the depth of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart and gather in the eyes
> In looking on the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more."

"The days that are no more," how bright they seem now. The chill sunshiny days when the wheat first shone with green brilliancy above the half-frozen ground. Then the days when it took a gray tinge as it first bent before the wind. Then those hard, later days, when the clouds poured forth no showers and the poor farmer saw the points of the tender green shoots growing yellow and seared, and all the days of hope and growth, the days when John Barleycorn's wonderful history was being enacted. No wonder we are sad for them, though these days are more beautiful, when the turkeys ruffle their shining feathers among the stubble, and at our approach the litter of late-born shoats scurries squeaking away through the short wheat-stalks; when the squirrel no longer has the leisure to scold us for half an hour because we ventured near his habitation. Has he not his nuts to garner while the boys are still busy, and is there not grain to be stolen in the big barn? For a fortnight, too, the whistling cry of the coon has been heard in the darkness as he makes his annual raid on the green ears of corn, and though now the wood is a monotone of dusky green, the maidens' harvest of flowing leaves and brilliant berries of the burning bush will soon take the place of the golden rod and asters.

TOUCHSTONE.

Music.

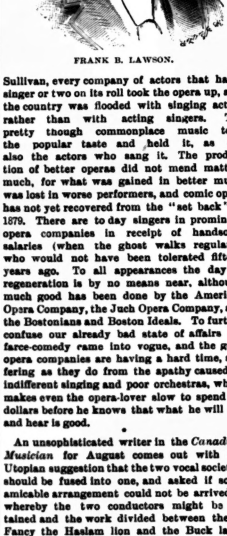
The Roth Lyric Opera Company has continued playing its repertoire until Wednesday evening of this week. The operas played were Amorita, The Mikado, Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance, and The Chimes of Normandy. Amorita is by Caibulka, whose authorhood is unquestionably authentic; the melodies are light and trivial throughout, and seem always about to run into that hackneyed trifle, the Staphaine Gavotte. It would be difficult to describe the plot of the opera, for I have never heard an aggregation of opera singers who so successfully hid the words they sang as the Roth Lyric Opera Company. In this respect they occupy an exalted position which, I hope, is unattainable by any other organization. I came away from Amorita with no clearer idea of the opera than was offered by the cast on the playbill, with the exception of the fact that divorces at will had something to do with the business. The poetical license allowed the builders of comic opera libretti was used in this instance to introduce Spanish students in an Italian territory. The four young ladies who personated these students were very goodly to look at, a fact emphasized by their costumes, which were much more liberal in the display of their beauties of figure than those of any Spanish students the world has ever seen. The same slovenliness of chorus singing which was characteristic of the Black Hussar, distinguished Amorita, and indeed all the operas sung by the company. Miss Nannie Lascelles enlivened the proceedings by some very clever dancing.

•

The Mikado and Pinafore completed last week's repertoire. Of these the former was very well put on. Mr. Herbert, of course, was inimitable as Koko, and Mr. Burnham's Mikado left nothing to be desired. The Nanki Poo of Mr. Lyding was a very fair effort, and if the air, A Wandering Minstrel I, os left out of account, he may congratulate himself upon having won the good will of his audience. Hard continuous work is beginning to tell upon his voice, which is so pleasing that I hope to hear that he has decided to give it a year's rest from stage work, while he gives it the same term of additional cultivation. Miss Lily Post, also, suffers from overwork. It is no light matter doing eight operas in one week, and especially when one is so conscientious a worker as Miss Post is. Her Yum-Yum was exceedingly good, although there is a mannerism all her own which runs through all the characters she plays. The Pinafore put on by this company was the most complete fakement I have ever seen put on by an opera company. The dresses worn by Sir Joseph Porter's lady relatives were very largely the same used in the Black Hussar, and you never saw a shabbier lot of sisters, cousins and aunts in Sullivan's much abused opera. The sailors wore all sorts and conditions of shoes and sailor suits; the Middy wore an A. B. S. dress, and the Captain sported an illustrated dress coat. The scenery was the house ship set, and even Sir Joseph Porter was tawdry and shabby. As the appearance, so was the singing. The greatest success of the Pinafore revival was the really excellent dancing of Miss Nannie Lascelles as the Middy.

•

It was this same Pinafore that was so much to blame for the decadence of English opera on the American stage, and for the decadence of the musical taste of American theater-goers. When Pinafore came out, unprotected by the safeguards of copyright and stageright, afterwards so jealously guarded by Gilbert and



FRANK B. LAWSON.

Sullivan, every company of actors that had a singer or two on its roll took the opera up, and the country was flooded with singing actors rather than with acting singers. The pretty though commonplace music took the popular taste and held it, as did also the actors who sang it. The production of better operas did not mend matters much, for what was gained in better music was lost in worse performers, and comic opera has not yet recovered from the "set back" of 1879. There are to day singers in prominent opera companies in receipt of handsome salaries (when the ghost walks regularly) who would not have been tolerated fifteen years ago. To all appearances the day of regeneration is by no means near, although much good has been done by the American Opera Company, the Juch Opera Company, and the Bostonians and Boston Ideals. To further confuse our already bad state of affairs the farce-comedy came into vogue, and the good opera companies are having a hard time, suffering as they do from the apathy caused by indifferent singing and poor orchestras, which makes even the opera-lover slow to spend his dollars before he knows that what he will see and hear is good.

•

An unsophisticated writer in the *Canadian Musician* for August comes out with the Utopian suggestion that the two rival societies should be blended into one, and asked if some amicable arrangement could not be arrived at whereby the two conductors might be retained and the work divided between them! Fancy the Haslam lion and the Buck lamb lying down together! It would be just lovely. This writer truly says that the "nigger-in-the-fence" in the way of such an arrangement is the conductor. But why bother about the conductor at all? Why not throw the conductor overboard and let Mr. George Musson and Mr. D. E. Cameron draw lots and decide which president shall conduct the joint chorus? Then the sensibilities of the conductors will be equally hurt and there will be no heart-burning about the other fellow being preferred. Try it.

•

September has come and the teachers are getting to work again, while the energetic committees of societies are girding up their loins to lay out the season's programmes. All of last year's societies are going to participate in the work, except perhaps the Choral Society, which seems to be moribund. This is a pity, for this society in its twelve years of life did good work, not only in itself, but also by providing a healthy stimulus to its elder sister. I have heard it muttered that the Philharmonic Society will not do any special work this year as a society, but will endeavor to arrange a musical festival and confine its energies to that sphere. We should all like to see a festival, but I question whether such an enterprise could be a success if conducted within the narrow lines of any one society.

•

The first desideratum of a musical festival is a large and effective chorus. The flag of the Philharmonic Society will prevent many good choristers now connected with other societies from enlisting under its folds, while a general festival chorus would be free from this objection, no matter who the conductor might be. And there need be no doubt as to the selection of a conductor. Mr. F. H. Torrington was so successful at the festival of 1886 that no one would dream of suggesting any one else. His great power of hammering the music into a big chorus, his energy and his magnetism all combine to make him the chorus master for such an enterprise. This being conceded, it would be much better to make the festival a general movement rather than a restricted one, especially as the guarantee list must always form an important factor in the management of a festival. The engagement of a complete orchestra to assist in the programme would free Mr. Torrington's hand to such a great extent that he could give much more time and pains to his chorus than before, and produce even a greater success than was achieved in 1886.

•

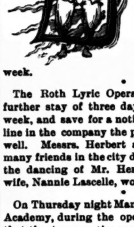
Mr. Frank B. Lawson, whose picture is given to-day, is a young Hamiltonian who has been very successful in Chicago as a baritone singer. He sang with great acceptability at the Carlton Street Methodist Church a few weeks ago, and his genial manner has made many friends in Toronto.

•

I have received the fifth annual calendar of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, being for the season 1891 92. It is a very comprehensive brochure, tastefully printed and full of information concerning the details of this popular institution. The departments of instruction cover every branch of music, and a very important school of Elocution and Oratory has been added, which is now fully organized under the direction of S. H. Clarke. The Conservatory will, as heretofore, have Mr. Edward Fisher as musical director. The session opened on Tuesday, September 1.

METRONOME.

The Drama.



OTH Grand and Academy have opened their doors to variety farce during the last three days; Hoss and Hoss at the one and Two Old Cronies at the other. At either one may enjoy a good laugh, and their respective merits will be more fully spoken of next week.

•

The Roth Lyric Opera Company made a further stay of three days at the Grand this week, and save for a noticeable lack of discipline in the company the performances went off well. Messrs. Herbert and Burnham made many friends in the city during their visit, and the dancing of Mr. Herbert's piquant little wife, Nannie Lascelle, won all hearts.

•

On Thursday night Manager Kirchmer of the Academy, during the opening performance at that theater, was the recipient of a handsome diamond testimonial from the employees of the Academy, with an address welcoming him to his new post. The affair was a complete surprise to Mr. Kirchmer, but he recovered himself sufficiently to return thanks in a pleasing little speech.

•

The Royal Midgets is the title of a company composed chiefly of dwarfs. It is an organization similar in plan to the Liliputians. It is yet to be seen whether it is similar in talent. The charming Barrison sisters will be members of the company. Others engaged are Admiral Dot, Major Doyle, Captain Hurd—notice the *diminuendo*—Captain Liable, Commodore Foote, Queene Foote, Jennie Quigley, Sadie Belton, and Fairy Belle. Robert Fraser is to direct the stage. The play to be produced is a musical extravaganza by McKee Rankin and Archibald Gordon. It is called Gulliver's Travels. The tour will begin on September 7 at the Academy of Music.

•

Donnelly and Girard, two old favorites of Kate Castleton's company, present Natural Gas at the Grand next week. It is said to be "excruciatingly" funny.

•

Richard Mansfield has at last made definite announcement of a change in his Garden Theater programme. On Thursday night, September 17, he will produce Nero, an historical tragedy written for him by T. Russell Sullivan of Boston. Sullivan's treatment of Nero is chiefly original, although he has drawn from the Roman histories and the Italian dramas of Cossa and Gazoletti. Nero is shown in his later days, in all his fierce cruelty, cowardice, vanity, and vice. Of course Mansfield will produce the play elaborately.

•

Jerrold, all his life long, bitterly protested against the fashion of translating and adapting, which excluded the work of native writers and gave a reputation to men for work which they had not originated. Talking once with Mr. Planche (a noted adapter of plays) on this question, Planche insisted that some of his characters were original. "Don't you remember," he said, "my baroness in Ask No Questions?" "Yes, indeed, I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness," was the reply.

•

Archibald Clavering Gunter's Miss Nobody of Nowhere, will be staged within a year, it is announced. It is probable that the company acting Mr. Barnes of New York will present it.

•

The following sketch deals with an artist, not exactly in the legitimate:

"What'll it be, gents?" asked the collarless waiter in Red Scar Lafferty's Bijou Palace of Song, to two rural-looking youths as they seated themselves at a table close to the little stage.

"Nuthin', just now," said one of the pair, and the other shook his head.

"Well, it ain't on tap," replied the waiter with harsh scorn; "an' this here show's for thirsty people, not for chair warmers. What youse two wants is a nice long walk, an' you'll find it down on the beach."

The two young men slowly walked out of the shed, and the waiter leaned against the upright piano and remarked to the weary performer on that instrument, "All them jays are like the camels up to Central Park."

"Eices, no!" queried the piano player.

"Me cousin was up there Sunday, an' he hear a party givin' it straight to his kids. Camels has hundreds of stomicks, an' each stomick has its own tank, an' when the camel goes out in the desert to hunt for the dates it feeds on, it fills each tank, and so don't have to waste no time lookin' for a spring of water when it feels dry. That's like them jays. They fills their tanks wid water, and comes down here a pleasurin' and never calls the waiter."

"Hully Gee!" said the piano player, with emphasis, "wouldn't I like to be a camel and live in a brewery!"

Then a man in a shiny dress suit came out from the wings and announced, "The Dooley Brudders, one at a time."

Dooley Brother No. 1 wore green tights, a cardinal plush waistcoat, cut low, a blue and white striped shirt with a huge collar, no cravat, no coat and a badly battered bathing hat. He carried himself and a thin rattan cane with an ivory leg handle with equal jauntiness, and instantly sang in a voice that caused more than twenty passersby to pause and listen:

> I'm-e-e me mother's pride,
> I'm-e-e me mother's joy;
> I'm ever by 'er side,
> Whene'er she needs 'er boy.
> Life is fuller quicksand,
> Dangers crowd around,
> Whene'er your mother needs your sid-d-d-d,
> Then you should by 'er side be found.
>
> CHORUS;
>
> Oh, I'm me mother's darling,
> Her only boy—her pride.
> And when she is in danger—then,
> You'll find me alder side.

This filial sentiment evoked prolonged applause, which showed the places where the beer glasses had been emptied, and the waiter skirmished about calling: "What'll it be?" while the piano tinkled the interlude. After two more verses Mr. Dooley No. 1 retired, and when his reappearance was demanded the waiter said, in a loud voice; "No en-cores. Whatter yer want—de earth?"

Then the man in the dress suit announced: "The udder Dooley," and a figure suspiciously like Mr. Dooley the first came on, made up as a Dutchman, but with red chin whiskers, *a la* Celt. He sang:

> Dot leedle sweetheart vot I had,
> She's runned herself avay;
> She's broke mine heart vich vas so glad;
> She's also took mine pay.
>
> Oh voomans are de-cceit-val,
> Dey foole you like a child;
> Ven ere I tinks me of dot girl
> I almost goes me vild.

Here he expressed his sorrow and despair by executing a few neat clog steps, and a young woman in the audience whose hair was down her back drying after a sea bath, said:

"Well, it that ain't the same party that sang before I'll never eat another frankfurter," then turning to the waiter she asked: "Am I right, Joe, or am I wrong?"

"Of course yer right," said Joe, "but, say, ain't he got the talent. Just youse wait an' see him do his turn as the twin Songbird Sisters; he's out o' sight in de dame act."

•

An actor stood on a shady corner of Broadway one morning congratulating himself that he was alive. He was dressed rather warmly for the season, and his hat needed renovating. Just as he was wondering whether he would better enjoy a drink or a shave on the spare fifteen cents that he jingled fondly about in his trowsers' pocket, he espied another actor coming toward him, a fortunate, elegantly attired young man, who is playing a summer engagement, and dines every day.

"Say, where did you get those trowsers?" he asked of this latter complacent personage, as he and his clothes drew near.

"London," was the reply.

"Well, they look like Waukesha," said the first actor.

The well dressed man smiled and passed on, but was soon hailed from a doorway by a tall, cavernous-jawed tragedian, who shouted: "Say, where did you get those trowsers?"

"London," was again the reply.

"Pretty tough, ain't they?" said the tragedian. "I've seen 'em like that in the one price stores out in Spokane Falls."

The young actor began to look disturbed, but he passed on. A little further along an underaized comedian espied him from the opposite side of the street, and came hurrying over, crying: "Why, my boy, how d'ye do? Say, where did you get those trowsers?"

"London," the other softly answered.

"No!" exclaimed the comedian. "Well, they look more like Salt Lake City."

By this time the prosperous actor was annoyed. He kept on his way, only to be stopped in quick succession by four more impecunious professionals, who asked him where he got his trowsers, and then assured him that they were very bad style. At last he turned and walked up town again, and when he reached the corner where the first actor had hailed him he found that dusty and disconsolate individual still there, wondering whether a shave or drink would be the better fifteen-cent investment.

"Look here," said he, going up to this puzzled and needy person; "is it a fact that these trowsers of mine are bad form?"

"Oh, the worst I ever saw, my boy," was the reply. "Not up to your style at all. Now, I need a pair of trowsers pretty badly, but really, I wouldn't—yes I would, though. I must stifle these fastidious notions of mine. Yes, I would wear those trowsers though I should hate to. But you! Oh, take 'em off, if you value your reputation."

The actor looked at the speaker sadly, and then, taking him by the arm, said:

"Come on up to my rooms and I'll give you these trowsers. I guess they must be pretty bad from the unanimity of condemnation that they have provoked. Come along."

The needy actor went, and a little later he received the congratulations of his friends who had assisted him in disgusting the original owner of the trowsers with his property.

"Ain't they beauties?" he exclaimed, posing in front of a bar-room mirror. "Oh, I spotted them a week ago, and I had to have 'em or die! And I've got 'em!'

•

The Author as a Side-Show.

Is it not, when one comes to think about it, carrying the charitable spirit to rather a shrill pitch to ask an author to make a free contribution of himself to what are known as author's readings? In the author's readings what attracts is usually, not the composition or the elocution, but the author's personality. The author's reading imposes upon the author the task of exhibiting, not his talents or achievements, but himself; of stepping before a company of curious spectators and showing them whether he is tall or short, fat or lean, fair or dark, well-clad or ill-clad, easy or awkward; whether he is the man they have fancied him in his writings, or whether he is not. So far as the nature of the service is concerned, the case were no different were he called upon to stand behind a brass rail at the Eden Musee, like the World's Baldness Come in wax, and be scrutinized from crown to corn.

•

Chicago girl (to stranger who has taken her in to dinner)—I am going abroad soon and I want to get some points. Do you know anything about English law?

Stranger—I am an English barrister myself.

Chicago Girl—Oh, how nice. Now, suppose a lord's wife gets a divorce, does she still have the title?

The Happy Hunting Grounds.

(Republished by Request.)

For Saturday Night.

Into the rose gold west its yellow prairies roll,
World of the bison's freedom, home of the Indian soul,
Roll out, O I seas in sunlight bathed
Your plains wind-tossed and grass-embathed.

Farther than vision ranges, farther than eagles fly,
Stretches the land of beauty, arches the perfect sky,
Hemmed thro' the purple mists afar
By peaks that gleam like star on star.

Fringing the prairie billows, fretting horizon's line,
Darkly green are slumbering wildernesses of pine,
Sleeping until the zephyrs throng
To kiss their silence into song.

Whispers freighted with odor swinging into the air
Russet needles as censors swing to an altar, where
The angels' songs are less divine
Than duo sung twixt breeze and pine.

Laughing into the forest dimples a mountain stream,
Pure as the airs above it, soft as a summer dream,
O! Lethian spring thou'rt only found
Within this ideal hunting ground.

Where the Great Hereafter cannot be more than this,
Surely we'll see that country after time's farewell kiss,
Who would his lovely faith condole?
Who envies not the Redskin's soul,

Sailing into the cloud land, sailing into the sun,
Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done?
O! dear dead race, my spirit too
Would fain sail westward unto you.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

So Was I Treated.

For Saturday Night.

It must be owned,
And the more bemoaned—
That a physician sometimes can't divine,
That life being lengthened
And the delicate strengthened
Depends on a drug for decline.

At least he is sure,
That in order to cure,
The duties you're doing must "drop,"
The walks you have taken,
The meal you would make in
The morning and evening shall "stop"

Then, when idleness
And following restfulness
Have clogged and exhausted your frame,
He reduces heart-action
By poison's refraction—
An anti-spasmodic by name.

Fever and chill,
An occasional pill,
And the tender attendance of friends,
Pass the days and the nights
In a dream with its sights
All of death and the grave, when it ends;

Till, at last, he has found
A certain compound
With prodigious powers to heal,
Which, with watching and care,
And plenty of air,
A road to sound health will reveal.

Walks such as at first
Were pronounced as the worst
Are prescribed for each day "without fail;"
The very same diet
That caused so much riot
Is ordered—none else will avail!

In conclusion, I think
I won't medicine drink;
But take exercise in great measure,
This would the place,
I believe, with the Race
Of the doctor's drain on its treasure.

G. B. W.

Viola.

For Saturday Night.

How sweet to the ear is the sound of that name
No mortal save me e'er can tell,
'Tis the name of my beautiful true-hearted queen
Whose fondness my heart knows so well.

As light from the ocean the darkness dispels
The gloom from my soul fades away,
When beaming with love her eye smiles on me
Dark night quickly turning to day.

What joy at the touch of her sweet rosy lips
Thrills fondly my heart's throbbing beat!
'Tis the scene of bliss, the key-stone of love
So pure a delight, so free from deceit.

Heaven guard her from ill, ever cheerful and bright
Dear love of my soul, fond hope of my heart,
Till the darkness of death closes over her head
And God in his time doth us part.

LUCIAN.

The Poet.

For Saturday Night.

In shirted sleeves the poet sits,
Within the shade from out the sun;
I wonder what the thought that flits
Across his brain, to grow and run
At glorious vagrant freedom down his mind,
And leave the porch and sun and shade behind.

Perhaps he dreams of ancient Greece,
Of heroes dead three thousand years—
If they *did* die—of Argo's fleece,
Of Grecian wrath and Helen's fears,
That may have been deserved—but then a rhymer's
views
Of women won't bear probing—like my Muse.

Perchance the poet's thoughts incline
Unto a fair Milesian town;
He sees Leander breast the brine,
He sees fair Hero looking down;
The water holds the bridegroom, earth the bride—
A Hero on the cliff—and on the tide.

With timid steps I then approach
Where sits the poet—*ride* text—
And with some trepidation broach
The thing that has my mind perplexed.
My thoughts, he says, were just inside the cot,
Where my wife mends the only coat I've got.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Good-by, My Fancy.

Good-by, my Fancy!
Farewell, dear mate, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So good-by, my Fancy.

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower faister ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, career'd together;
Delightful!—now separation—good-by, my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty.
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really
blended into one;
Then if we die we die together (yes, we'll remain one),
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens;
Maybe we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
Maybe it is yourself now really ushering me to the true
songs, (who knows?)
Maybe it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—
so now finally,
Good-by—and hail! my Fancy.

WALT WHITMAN.

Noted People.

Dr. Henry T. Helmbold, who made over ten million dollars out of patent medicines, and whose rivalry with Jim Fisk in the line of vulgar street display was the talk of New York twenty years ago, is incurably insane.

Herr von Donner, a Hamburg merchant, is so grateful to Dr. Michelsen, of Wiesbaden, for the latter's successful treatment of his wife, that he has given two million marks for a hospital at Hamburg, Dr. Michelsen to be chief physician.

The Kaiserin likes to play lawn tennis; but however much she may be interested in the game, she keeps her eye upon William when he shows a disposition to stray away from the grounds and begin talking to any of the pretty girls.

The Duchess of Fife is attracting admiration from all England and Scotland by her conduct as a model mother. Following the example of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick, she is nursing her own baby, and may frequently be seen walking the streets of Brighton with her baby in her arms.

The wife of the late Edward Burgess, the yacht-designer, was a Miss Caroline L. Sullivan, of Columbus, O. She was descended from an old and aristocratic Virginian family, and was so beautiful a blonde that Fagnani, the Italian painter, chose her for the model of Erato, the muse of lyric and amorous poetry, in his well known picture of the nine muses.

David Barclay Chapman, who died in April last in his ninety-second year, was the son of Mr. Abel Chapman, one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, who lived for ninety-seven years, and whose father, also Abel Chapman, was born in 1694, the year in which the Bank of England was founded and in which Mary, the wife of William the Third, died.

A curious little story of Mrs. Arthur Wilson of Tranby-Croft fame, comes from London. She was one of the guests at the Princess of Wales' garden party, and ordered for the occasion a dress of cream organdie, with shamrock leaves. When the costume arrived, it suddenly struck her that the shamrocks bore a striking resemblance to aces of clubs. "This will never do," exclaimed the destroyer of Sir William Gordon-Cumming. "If I go in that dress, it will look as if baccarat were written all over me."

The Czar is a hard-working monarch. He is out of bed at seven o'clock, and his entire day is a busy one. He has a mania for learning even the smallest details of the operations of the government. In disposition he is melancholy and disinclined to society. The empress, in her fondness for dancing, has evening parties that bore her royal husband, and it is related that on one or two occasions he has sent the guests home betimes by touching an electric button and extinguishing all the lights in the room.

Prince George of Prussia, it is said, is on the high road to become as insane as his mother, the late Princess Louise, whose dementia took the form of aversion to clothing of any kind, and who, after creating a terrible scandal by escaping from her keepers several times in a state of absolute nudity, finally died a raving maniac. Prince George spends all his time in writing poems that find no purchasers, and plays that find no producers. He attracted considerable attention some years ago by the remarkable attentions with which he pestered the ex-Empress Eugenie during her stay at one of the South German watering places.

Daniel Lothrop, the Boston publisher, began his business career as an apothecary and without a college education. It was while thus engaged that his love of books led him to handle them also as a minor feature of his trade. After building up his drug business, in partnership with three brothers, who now conduct it after an association covering thirty-six years, Daniel decided to become a publisher; and as a preliminary step he made a tour of the country, visiting and studying the book stores in the various large cities.

Andrew Lang is some years older than the majority of his readers suppose him to be. He has reached forty-seven, and his hair is turning gray and growing scant. He is tall, thin, and dark, and has an unpleasant laugh. He talks slowly and with an effort, his conversation frequently falling into what they call, in England, the Oxford drawl. Lang is said to be working at a tremendous pace. He earns a large income, but there is little of it left for the bank after his heavy household expenses have been paid. Some of his American admirers are inclined to think that he writes too much.

A writer in the *Illustrated American* says the Princess of Wales is an inferior woman intellectually, and adds: "All of the princess's warmest admirers, who have access to her society, whisper the same thing behind their fans. She is a beautiful, sweet-tempered, gentle-hearted doll, without even the ordinary amount of intellect. Conversationally she is *nil*, and is not bright enough to seize even the most ordinary opportunities. In fact, so unfortunate have been several *contretemps* brought by this mental obtuseness, that a keen-witted lady-in-waiting is ever ready to watch the turn of events and give the princess her cue."

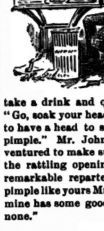
Mlle. Helen Vacaresco, the heroine, or victim, of the royal romance in Roumania, used to be a sort of *protege* of Victor Hugo. A volume of her poems was printed, but only privately circulated. The Queen of Roumania is not only a dabbler in literature herself, but she loves to be regarded as a great patron of arts and letters. So she sent for Mlle. Vacaresco to come to Bucharest and be one of her maids of honor. The Queen's heart was fully set upon the marriage of Mlle. Vacaresco and Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, the Crown Prince of Roumania. King Charles himself also strongly favored the match, and the two young people were most sincere in their devotion to each other. But the leading men of all parties stood together in assuring the king that Prince Ferdinand must renounce his hopes of reigning if he married Mlle. Vacaresco. The Prince has gone to Germany.

Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland and Premier Earl of England and of the sister kingdom, at the age of sixteen had achieved a most unenviable reputation in some shady horse transactions. In 1881, he eloped with Mrs. Mundy, a lady considerably older than himself and a relative of Lord Byron. After tamely submitting to a sound horse-whipping on the part of the outraged husband, he went peacefully off on a yachting expedition, in the Mediterranean, with the pretty Mrs. Mundy and two brothers of the latter, the Messrs. Morewood. On his return to England, Lord Shrewsbury, meeting old Mrs. Morewood (at the time his mother-in-law *de la main gauche*) at a railway station, he was the victim of a most ridiculous assault on the part of the old lady, who used her umbrella on the head and shoulders of England's premier earl, to the huge delight of the assembled crowd.

Miss Margot Tennant, the young lady with whom Emperor William rode in Rotten Row during his stay in London, and with whom he waltzed several times at the state ball at Buckingham Palace, is one of the most clever, brilliant, and popular girls in London society. Her father is an enormously wealthy merchant of Glasgow, who was created a baronet, some years ago, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, with whom Miss Margot is an immense favorite. It was she who was the life and soul of the yachting party organized for the diversion of Mr. Gladstone on the occasion when he visited Copenhagen and had an interview with the Czar. The fair Margot, although no longer in the bloom of youth—she must be about twenty-nine—still remains an exceedingly pretty girl, always tastefully and yet originally dressed. Although a great heiress, it is not likely that she will ever marry.

Boulanger's financial situation is likely to be very seriously affected by the death of his *chere amie*, Mme. de Bonnemains. For the whole of the three hundred thousand dollars which she inherited about eighteen months ago from an aunt, is about to pass out of the hands of the general. Having no resources of his own, he will be reduced to something very much akin to penury. It is true that Mme. de Bonnemains made a will in his favor; but in the first place she possessed only a life interest in the property, which is invested in France, and secondly the outlawry of Boulanger would debar him from inheriting anything whatsoever in France. Thirty-five years of age, tall and supremely elegant, Mme de Bonnemains was an exceedingly attractive woman. Her features were as finely cut as a cameo, her eyes deep blue, her hair a golden brown. Her father was a naval officer, one of her sisters is married to Colonel Royat de Mandre of the artillery, at whose house she first met Boulanger, while her husband, from whom she was divorced, was a son of the well known general, Comte de Bonnemains.

Snap Shots.



THE politicians on a recent Friday at Ottawa held a "Merry War," and nothing was too harsh or discordant for either side to say. Even Devlin was requested to keep order, take a drink and quit his noise, by Mr. Daly. "Go, soak your head Daly." "It's a good thing to have a head to soak, Mr. Devlin, yours is a pimple." Mr. John Daly would never have ventured to make such a remark had he known the rattling opening he left for Mr. Devlin's remarkable repartee. "I admit mine is a pimple like yours is Mr. Daly, with this difference, mine has some good matter in it. Yours has none."

One of the amusing things to visitors at Hanlan's Point this summer has been the marvelous oratorical productions poured forth with such a combined wealth of thought and language by the famous and only Connors who usually introduces to the confiding public "Zanzaro" or "Dare Davil Jack," and "the world-renowned and lustrous star of the flying trapeze, whose hazardous feats have been attempted by few on either hemisphere, and never certainly has he been excelled by anybody. One extraordinary and most wonderful feature I wish to call your special attention to this evening, ladies and gentlemen (I don't mean the $2 50 dudes when I say this), is what is called by the acrobatic profession all over the world at large, the 'dead drop.' That is leaving the top trapeze with the head down and catching the lower trapeze in the 'downward descent.' This gigantic performance has never before been accomplished by any other living human man or woman in Europe or America. Thanking you kindly, ladies and gentlemen, we will now proceed." He turns with a wistful optic on the audience and gives an imperial and majestic wave of his gray sombrero, and then—the band plays.

Edison's remarkable invention, the phonograph, is an attraction that causes untold jollity for the seething mass that nightly promenades the Point. It seems almost a devilish instrument when one can hear the steamboats toot at Cooney Island and at the same time have sweet strains of a cornet solo with variations played by the celebrated Levy from the top of the Elephant Hotel, the band playing his accompaniment below, and at the pause of every variation fourteen people can hear perfectly distinctly the crowd's encores, shouts, cheers, and the small boy's whistle. The instrument can produce six hundred times the most difficult classical selections by some of the most famous bands in America. The last of these melodies I remember was that touching and plaintive hymn, The Whistling Coon, or He Ain't In It.

A FACT.

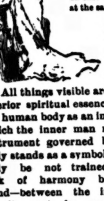
A few days ago two well known journalists left their offices and visited an uptown restaurant (time two a.m.) to fortify the inner man with a few of the luxuries of the season. A short time after entering they were awaiting the ordered viands, when one of them observed a "household pest" meandering quietly over the tortuous labyrinth of brilliant whirligigs on the wall. They were astonished and called the proprietor's attention to it. "What is that, landlord, and where did it come from?" Pointing his index finger at the animalcule the proprietor said, "A *Globe* representative." "What's that you say?" "A *Globe* representative." "Why give it that name?" "Because the first time I ever noticed one of them in my house was when a newspaper man came in here and did me up for beefsteak and onions, and consequently I call them that ever since." "Well, you know, that's hardly square on the *Globe*." "No matter about that, it's the 'first paper' I could think of."

It seems strange that a fellow when popping the question to his girl usually has to let himself somewhat go to waste when "pressing her" for an answer. This is a "fair" "all round" joke because it has no point.

"Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is a very old adage, and is particularly well illustrated by a story told of Lawrence Barrett and Miss Cushman. One miserable bleak night in winter they were coming out of the theater and noticed the steps covered with ice. Miss Cushman said "Hold me tight, Larry, if I should slip, hang on like death; but should you slip, in heaven's name, let go."

While in Ottawa some time ago, some friends and myself visited the fishery exhibit formulated principally from the collection sent to the Colonial Exhibition in the Mother Country, and were shown around by some individual who claimed to know it all but who in reality knew as little about the various species as we did, our knowledge being decidedly meagre. Among other curiosities pointed out to us was a "white whale" from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, weighing fifteen hundred pounds. We asked him innumerable ??? some of which he could answer, so to have a little joke, we at last inquired if the whale had been white-washed. He suddenly turned his back on such frightful ignorance and left us to paddle our own canoe. In the basement of this building are the fish incubators, where millions of fish are annually hatched to be distributed among the various lakes, rivers and streams to propagate fish stories of tall dimensions and ponderous belief for the amusement of sportsmen in coming generations. Apropos of fish yarns: One of the boys has just returned, I believe, from somewhere near St. Annes de Belle View, and while there some friends made him a present of a lot of valuable fishing spoons and tackle. He, like a boy with a new toy, must go and sample the fishes in Lake of the Two Mountains. He trolled for two hours and caught nothing, while all around him were men pulling them in every few moments. This he could stand no longer and yanked his spoon near the boat to find it flying around O. K., paddled another hour and no catch, so he pulled up his line to find he had never taken the corks off the hooks. Then he went ashore and bought at the French village market a long string of "poison," and among them one weighing about 6¼ pounds. On returning home his friends became suspicious and they all wanted him to explain how it was possible for him to catch such a large fish with such a small line. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, boys, I never in my life had such a hard time landing a fish. I would pull it in a little, then let it have all the line I had and then in about an hour he was so played out that I towed him into the shallows, you know, near the sand bars in about a foot of water, jumped overboard and threw him into the canoe." That evening some friends were invited from Montreal to dinner and the 6¼ pounder was placed on the table, when one of the visitors remarked he had caught hundreds of them in the salt waters of the River Saguenay. The host swore he would never tell a fresh water fish yarn again, and asked everyone present to never to mention it, as a particular favor. About a week subsequently he was dining at the Clarendon Hotel when this story came up, and everyone roared and thought it a capital joke. He didn't think it funny at all so the story was recited again for his benefit, and he never smiling, his friends asked him the reason he thought there was nothing comical in it. "Because, boys, I was the fool who forgot to take the corks off the hooks and the liar that bought the fish." NEMO.

Delsarte Physical Culture.



Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony and complete human perfection so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only the moral fibre must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony and complete human perfection is wanting or misapprehended amongst us; and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"All things visible are the expressions of an interior spiritual essence." Delsarte regarded the human body as an instrument only through which the inner man may be expressed. An instrument governed by the individual, the body stands as a symbol of man. If, then, the body be not trained there must be a lack of harmony between it and the mind—between the inner and the outer; for it must be remembered that every expression is but a sign of an under state. The soul may possess many latent beauties which cannot find expression because the instrument is out of tune. In order, then, that these beauties of soul and mind may find utterance, an education of the body is necessary, the machine must be put into good working order, it must become elastic; all stiffness and angularity must be got rid of; all mannerisms rooted out. The body is merely the representative of the soul. That does not mean, however, that the body can be made to represent another person's soul; only superficiality and affectation could be the result of such an attempt. This system of training is intended to free our own souls, and to enable us to give outward expression to that which is most noble and true and beautiful within.

Athletics will not produce symmetry and grace; they must be founded on æsthetic principles, else they will result in an over development of some part at the expense of some other. Ordinary physical exercises develop action in straight lines, while the Delsarte training develops in lines of changing curve.

Nothing can give an air of greater dignity and good breeding than a fine walk. The art of walking should be taught to all as carefully as the art of reading. Before learning to walk one must learn to stand, to poise. Many will tell you that to stand correctly is easier than to stand otherwise; but with the majority the case is an acquired, not a natural one. The body must become accustomed by practice to the shifting of the center of gravity, otherwise those who have been used to standing on the heels will feel as if about to fall forward on their faces. The length of time required for these disagreeable sensations to disappear will depend partly on the temperament of the person, but greatly on the persistency with which the exercise is practiced. Conscientious practice will bring satisfactory results, and instead of the shuffling, waddling, rolling and striding we see everywhere—the dragging of the torso after the limbs, we shall have the body well poised, the chest held well up, with a light graceful forward motion. The Greeks knew how to value this accomplishment—for it is a rare accomplishment. A Greek said to his Athenian master whom he was trying to save from pursuit by impersonating him, "Alas, my master, I shall betray you to your enemies by my ungainly walk, for I have not been trained in the gymnasium to walk as the nobles." AGNES CRAWFORD.

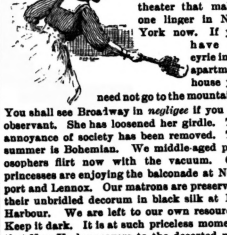
The Kiss.

From Clara's soft lip her fond swain by surprise
In a moment of glee boldly ravished a kiss.
"I never—how dare you!" offended she cries—
"Was there ever such impudence heard of as this?"

"Oh, pardon, sweet maid, on my knees I entreat,
Nor frown so severe," urged the terrified swain;
"If ev'ry the sweet trespass I dare to repeat
May the smile of those lips never bless me again."

"Then see that you don't," said the pardoning fair,
"For I cannot endure such a beard on my skin;
And if ever you do so again, I declare,
I wish you'd be sure that you have a smooth chin." H. R. LYES.

On Country Girls and Others.



KNOW why! Of course we know why. It is the sweet absence of the theater that makes one linger in New York now. If you have an eyrie in an apartment house you need not go to the mountains. You shall see Broadway in *negligee* if you are observant. She has loosened her girdle. The annoyance of society has been removed. The summer is Bohemian. We middle-aged philosophers flirt now with the vacuum. Our princesses are enjoying the balconade at Newport and Lennox. Our matrons are preserving their unbridled decorum in black silk at Bar Harbour. We are left to our own resources. Keep it dark. It is at such priceless moments that New York uncovers to the deserted man all its hidden treasures. It has depths of summer gardens, where maidens hide among oleanders, and roofs, swept by the night winds; where country cousins look up at the stars and pat their russet shoes in time with the "torch dance." It is the moment when we shed our responsibilities upon a watering place, and sit unencumbered among the girls, who steal in as soon as the hay is raked. Dear little Mahomets, they know that we cannot go to the mountain. Panting, cherry-ripe summer hours in the city; mad reveries on the Staten Island boat, thrummed to the Nirvana of July by Italian strings; Casino nights gurgling themselves away in limpid beer; Musee matinees. Ah! what a silken jostle of hay-smelling maids, ox-eyed and laughter-shedding! Fourteenth street of an afternoon is like an English fair. The great bazaars are jocund with rural health. And our cousins—sweet collective atlas that—they know where we are bereft. They always come trooping in when we need female society. We have to take them to the Eden Musee, don't we? It is the first thing they ask for. Then they have to eat an Italian *table d'hote* dinner, and try to drink claret—that is what the Italian restaurateur always calls it—and make us believe it's nice to have everything taste of macaroni and garlic. They always say "gosh" in an undertone at the chamber of horrors, and don't object to come down to our office so they can ride up with us after business hours. I confess I stay in town with a keen luxury, for I like the country cousin. I like her in a whole-souled discreet way. She flirts with a cosmic afflatus. She has a few freckles on her nose. But bless your soul, they are the marks of heaven's arrows where Sol shot his health at her. She has a liquid witchlight in her eye, as if some of the arrows had stuck by her. Her laugh is a cascade of innocence. When she eats strawberries with a spoon she doesn't giggle and cut the berries in two and stab them as if they were little masculine hearts, and she did it to accommodate us. She is six months behind in the way she wears her hair, but no man objects to that. He wishes to heaven that every woman was six years behind. He hates bangs instinctively, and frizzes tickle him and give him a nervous chill. The country cousin seems to know this instinctively. There is a frankness about her hair that invites confidence. Some incrutable sense tells you that if you examine it the roots will turn out to be the same color as the rest. Then she never has the laundried air of the city girl. Do you know what I mean by the laundried air? Let me digress a moment. Have you ever noticed how clean health is? Vitality doesn't need as much soap as invalidism, and it provides its own scent. If you have kept horses and dogs you know this. The moment they are soiled they are ill. Did you ever notice how high health radiates from a person? It is an atmosphere. It goes with the person like a nimbus. The artificial life is continually scrubbing itself up to appearances. It suggests corrective Turkish baths, sea salt, apollinaris, vaseline, dyes, and inscrutably protective harness. To come back to the cousins, I suppose I like them because they are vital and not specially intellectual. This shows you how incorrigibly masculine I am. There is no use in my trying to hide it—I am. I'm just brute enough to prefer girls who have the divine endowment of a girl. I give them my best feelings at once, and keep my awe-struck respect for the intellectual mine who takes Turkish baths and reads Ibsen. I belong to the primordial masculine brute, who has been collapsed since time began by the indisputable and indefinable not-male and doesn't care a raparie in his cosmic soul for star-blown intellectuality in skirts. I ought to be shut up in the Massachusetts Insane Asylum, for this, I know; but here I am, and here goes. All men are more or less Fausts, with an eye to Gretchens, but all men do not treat them as Faust did, because there is no longer an accommodating devil at their elbow. That perfect soul unity of the Brownings—two poets on a single stem, two minds that beat as one—is not human. It belongs to the golden or paradisical age. Poets are built that way, not men and women. I find that your nature's brute does not want to marry a critic or a philosopher, and he does not fall in love with an angel. He wants a girl who will think that everything he does is the acme of perfection because he does it. There is a divine absence of reason about this operation that takes him off his feet. The natural adjustment of man and woman must be after the divine plan, through antithesis and not through similarity. It is not equality; it is relativity that cements them. Nature's stimulus is the unlike. The adjustment is a moral one, never a physical or intellectual. For my part, I like a girl who is an atmosphere, not an abstraction. She doesn't bring her cut-and-dried superiority on a silver salver. She merely persists, like music, and puts life in tune. Blessed be girls untouched by the azure craze—how intuitively they adjust themselves to nature's scheme! They just flow into their destiny, if you don't meddle with their girlhood. And how admirably they are rewarded with the protective, chivalrous obeisance of men for it. Haven't you seen this problem work itself out a thousand times? Haven't you seen intellect, precocity, smartness, fashion, art, affectation, talents, and money pale their combined charms in the presence of some girl in a muslin dress, who caught all eyes, enmeshed all the masculinity in the room, and walked off in her heavy shoes with all the desires? She had more girl to the square inch than the rest, that was all. It got into her ill-fitting gown and gave it a glory that no artist could match. Every undulation of it was a law of beauty. Her sex was in her bones and in her blood. She never had to think about it. Her unconscious puissance came through all wrappages like a magnetic current. These are your true summer girls. They come to town when our other girls are building themselves up at the springs. They come like a burst of larks. They have the shimmer of a tropic afternoon; there is corn and wine and oil in their faces. Their lips are the cherries of the season: there is heat lightning in their eyes, and the glad rivulet is in their laughter. They bring the outdoors with them in their spirits. Blue-eyed and black, they have the summer morning with a chair in it, or the summer midnight, big with dreams, in their glances. June is in their joyousness and August in their kisses. Rally boys. Make hay while the sun shines. In a little while the regulars will be back, and we shall have to put on our dress coats and listen to Howells, and go to the opera and spend our hard-earned money on coupes. Now is the harvest of—girl. NYM CRINKLE.

Jake's Reason.

CORA TO JAKE.

DEAR JAKE,—Come to-morrow evening, sure. Pap is at home, but is laid up with a sore foot. See? CORA.

JAKE TO CORA.

DEAR CORA,—I can't come to-morrow evening. I am laid up on account of your papa's sore foot. See? JAKE.

—*New York Herald*

Good Authority for It.

Mr. F. Hunsleigh Blayke—I didn't like what Thorley said about the Blayke coat-of-arms, that it was too elaborate to be very ancient.

Miss S.—Don't mind him. That only shows his ignorance. Why, the D'Agincourts have borne it for centuries.

She—Mrs. Shaveinwost says she is descended from one of the noble families of Saxony.

He—I shouldn't wonder. All the family plate is German silver.

STOP THIEF!

By FLORENCE MARRYAT,

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Her Father's Name," "Fighting the Air," Etc., Etc.

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The English sky was raining with its usual pleasantry, the water coming down in straight, hard lines upon the pavement, from which the drops rebutting hit one in the face like pellets—splashing the men's trowsers and the women's skirts—and sliding down the gutters like a rushing river. The streets were turned into thoroughfares of mud, the eaves of the houses to shower baths; there seemed nothing to do, for rich or poor, but to get under shelter as soon as possible. In the back slums of Drury Lane the pavements were deserted. The cans of hot chestnuts and roast potatoes had been wheeled hastily away—the chattering, dirty, drunken women, whose most amiable gossip is spit at any moment to turn into a fight, had slunk indoors—only the gin palaces, with their steaming windows outside and their flaring gas and colored bottles within, looked warm and comfortable as usual. No wonder they were crowded on such a night. England's dreary damp is answerable for more than half of England's drink. Every man who had a copper, and many who had none, turned into the Grapes, and helped to make the place roundly as the road outside. Amongst them slunk an abject figure, craven and cowering, a young man of, perhaps thirty, with a wan, white face, and hollow cheeks and trembling hands; a man who might have been once good-looking, but whose beauty had vanished with his evil habits, and whose shrunken form was clothed in rags. He waited, as though ashamed to push himself forward, until most of the other customers had been served, and then he crept up to the bar and said in a hoarse whisper, "Two of gin, hot!"

The barmaid, a portly woman of forty, looked up quickly. "Where's the money, Mr. Benn?" she asked.

"I haven't it with me. Chalk it up, please," replied the trembling voice.

But the woman tossed her head. "Oh, no! That game's ended. Mr. Simpson has given me strict orders not to chalk up another harpoth till you've paid your score.

"Only to-night," said Benn. "I'll pay to-morrow."

"Couldn't do it, Mr. Benn. Impossible. Against orders."

"It's so cold and—and damp," pleaded the shivering wretch, as he tried to draw his rags around him.

"That's not my fault," retorted the barmaid, as she turned to another customer.

David Benn loitered about the bar for a few minutes in hopes of her relenting, and then he walked out into the drenching rain again, hopeless and starving. He had not always been what he was now, an outcast and a pauper. There had been a time—and not so long ago—when he had been well clothed and fed; an able journeyman, earning good wages and living in a comfortable home. But the curse of drink had fallen upon him, added to that greater curse—the incapability of resisting temptation. And he had fallen lower and lower, until everything had gone from him. He had lost his work and his possessions; he had illtreated his wife and threatened his employers, until the law had stepped in to prevent both outrages, and left David Benn upon the world to shift for himself. He had never seen his wife since, nor wished to see her—he was too much ashamed of his degradable condition. He had no doubt she was doing well enough without him, or had taken up with some other man. But he was hungry, desperately hungry. The want of food seemed to gnaw at his vitals like a wolf. He felt as if he could kill somebody in order to get food, for he had tasted nothing for three days and a half. It was past eleven, and the theatre goers had begun to stream out of the theaters, and jostled each other on the pavement. Many of them were well dressed people, who were dismayed at the prospect of being soaked through, and began vigorously to hail the passing cabs and omnibuses. But the public vehicles soon filled and the rest of the passengers began to hurry towards the district railway station. David Benn regarded them with envy. Why should they throw away their money on theaters, and cabs, and omnibuses, whilst he had not bread to put in his stomach? One stout, comfortable-looking lady who walked in front of him on her ally excited his ill-feeling. She was clad in seal skin and sable, and had a smart bonnet on. She had no umbrella, and the gentleman with her kept on persuading her to tie a pocket handkerchief over her head, but she refused to disfigure herself.

"She must be very rich," thought Benn, "to be able to ruin a smart bonnet to save her vanity. What would I not give to have the price of it in my pocket!"

The stout lady and her companion seemed to possess a fascination for the wretched starveling. He followed close behind them all the way down the Strand, and when they turned towards the Charing Cross Metropolitan Railway Station, he went too. The lady's bonnet was by this time well through.

"How obstinate you are, "said the gentleman. "Your bonnet is completely spoiled."

"Never mind," she answered, carelessly. "I can buy another."

"What sin would it be," thought Benn, "to steal from a woman like that? She would never miss it."

He had been brought very low on many occasions, but he had never dreamt of stealing before. Though he was a drunkard and had been a brute, something in his early teaching had prevented his preying on his fellow-creatures. But to-night he was desperate. His famished eyes glared more like those of a beast than a man, and his hand was lifted up against the world. As the lady in the sealskin cloak reached the station, she stepped up to the ticket office.

"Let me take the tickets," said the gentleman. "No; I will take them," rejoined the lady. She was evidently a woman of decision, used to having her own way, probably possessing the largest fortune of the two. David Benn watched her eagerly. She opened a hand-bag, and taking out a handsome silver-clasped purse, laid a sovereign on the ledge.

"Two single first class to South Kensington," she said. Benn saw her replace the change in her purse, whence he caught the glitter of some gold, and having clasped it, she placed it in the open hand-bag. In a moment his resolution was taken. He would have that purse. Such a woman would never miss what it contained. If she did, she could go without that other sovereign. He must have food that night, or he should die. He had earned twenty-four hours way by calling cabs for ladies, and keeping their dresses off the wheel, and in another moment he had taken a third-class ticket for the next station, and followed the lady and her companion to the platform, all shoving and pushing each other to get nearest to the carriage when the train—which was the last that night—should come in. In the confusion, Benn first thought he had lost the object of his search, but he soon discovered her, standing opposite where the first-class carriages would take their stand, whilst the gentleman stood in front to protect her from the crowd. Benn's object was to make a grab at her handbag just as she entered the train, but for that purpose he must keep her out of it till it was almost on the move. He stood close beside her, therefore, till the train came puffing into the station, and then whenever she attempted to enter a carriage, he laid his hand upon the door, and she passed on to another. At last, as he was just about to let her enter and make a sudden snatch at the purse which glistened at him from the open handbag, the gentleman, apparently suspicious of his intentions, gave him an unexpected thrust to one side, and with the words, "Out of the way, fellow!" threw him back upon a passenger entering the next carriage. Big Benn was not to be baulked. His blood was up, and he was determined to rob some one. The person against whom he stumbled—it was a woman, but dressed in black and closely veiled—held her purse loosely in her hand, as she stepped into the train. Benn, purporting to be about to enter also, snatched it suddenly from her, and hastening down the platform, jumped into another carriage. The woman left her seat again, and he heard her screaming wildly, "Stop Thief! Stop Thief!" as the train moved out of the station with him, and left her behind.

Benn leant back in his carriage, and pretended to fall asleep. He did not dare examine the purse until he had quitted the train, for all the passengers had heard the cry of "Stop Thief!" and looked out of the window.

"Some poor woman's been robbed," remarked the man sitting opposite him. "Something of the sort happens every night at these stations. People should never carry money about with them in London. It's a mass of pickpockets!"

David Benn closed his hand slightly over the purse he had stolen, and hid it under his rags. It felt full and heavy, and he hoped he had got a treasure. But he did not feel comfortable for all that, and when the train stopped at Westminster Bridge he shambled out of the carriage as quickly as he could, with the stolen article thrust down the bosom of his dirty shirt. The ticket collector only looked at him, as he did at everybody else, but Benn fancied his guilt was suspicious, and walked off as rapidly as he was able. The miserable den in which he slept was located in Drury Lane, and he was so weak that the walk seemed interminable to him. And yet he was too great a coward to open the purse that he had stolen, and take a penny out to pay for a 'bus fare. Who knew but the woman from whom he had taken it might be loitering about Westminster on the lookout for him? So he crept home slowly and with difficulty, through by-ways and up back passages until he reached his destination. The public houses were closed by this time and Benn knew that even if his illgotten gains proved to be gold, he must wait for food and drink until the morning, and as he climbed the rotten rickety staircase he felt as if he should die before the day dawned again. Yet when he had reached the dirty hole in which he slept, and secured the door behind him, he sunk down on the pallet and drew out the purse with trembling hands, and began eagerly to examine it. It was his first theft, and he felt rather proud to think how neatly it had been accomplished, though it looked a sorry thing to have run so much risk for. Once, it had been good and strong, like himself, but it was sadly worn now—in fact, on its last legs—also like himself, and he opened it hesitatingly. Bah! It contained nothing but two shillings in silver, and sixpennyworth in copper. But stay! Here was something more. Some printed cards and a photograph. Benn looked at the photograph first. It represented a little boy of about five or six years old, cheaply and commonly executed, but unable to conceal the child's beauty, all the same. Under it was written, "My darling Davie." He turned the picture hastily round. On the back he read the words, "David Benn; born January 20th, 1884." He seized the cards. On one was printed, "Mrs. David Benn, Dressmaker, 15 Woodford Terrace, Fulham." The unhappy man's head went round like a spinning-top. "Mrs. David Benn." Why! That was his wife! Actually his maltreated and deserted wife, who had been compelled on account of his cruelty to obtain a protection order against him five years ago. And "David Benn, born January 20th, 1884," must be his child, his child whom he had never seen nor thought of, for he had parted with his wife in the September of the year before.

His child! The poor, trembling, broken wretch who looked more fit to be looked after himself than to be a father or a husband, shook as with an ague when the conviction broke upon him that his child! He seized the photograph again, and gazed upon each feature as if he would impress them indelibly upon his memory. The boy was like him—there was no doubt of that—like him when he had been young and gay, with fair curling hair, and the neighbors had nicknamed him "Handsome Jack!" And when Mary (poor Mary, whom he had struck with the iron poker) had loved him for his beauty, and thought no harm could ever come to her through him. Poor Mary! It was little he had thought of her since they had parted, yet he had cared for her once, and now the thought of the child—the wonderful child of whose existence even he had been unaware—had come to revive the tenderest recollections he had ever had of the mother.

David Benn forgot his hunger and thirst and the chilly damp that was creeping into his very bones; he forgot that he had risked his liberty for the sake of two shillings and eleven pence; he forgot everything but the home he had willfully flung from him, as he sat, huddled up and shivering, on the wretched pallet-bed, and gazed with indescribable fascination on the pictured image of his child. How fat the little rascal was, and what sturdy arms and legs he had—not like his father, whose bones might be counted through his skin. Ah! well! If little Davie had only come before he and Mary parted, perhaps he never would have been brought to such a plight. The boy would have kept him from temptation and sin. He would have loved to work for him, and to feel all the time he was toiling for his daily bread, that his sweet, bonnie face would be looking out of the door or the window to welcome him home. Was it too late now? Hadn't he the right to work for his own child? Would Mary be so unforgiving as to refuse to let him do so? She must need help to support the burthen he had cast upon her. He remembered now that the woman from whom he had snatched the purse had been poorly, if not shabbily, dressed, and there was only two shillings and elevenpence in it. And he had been used to make three and four pounds a week at his trade. Was it impossible for him to take it up again? Had his vile habits cured his cunning?

He took it up in his left, as though it had been a curious thing, and examined it carefully. It was thin and white and limp, the leather was worn away, and it reeked with a cold, clammy sweat, and shook violently.

Nonsense. That was only weakness. It would all go off when he had had a little food. If Mary would let him rest and feed for a week, he should be as strong and well as ever. But would she? That was the question. He said she consented to take him back, though he had deserted her for five long years! He didn't know. It made his head spin even to think of it, but on the morrow he would try to see her, or, at all events, the boy.

After this the poor wretch was too weak to think any more, but sat on his bed, mumbling and muttering to himself, and counting up every now and then to press the portrait of the child to his parched and feverish lips. When the morning broke he was in a delirious state. It did not rain now, but the wind was cold, and earth and Heaven seemed all one dull, leaden hue. Benn dragged himself off the pallet-bed, and gathering his wretched rags around him, went shivering down into the street. A "Two of gin, hot," would have put a little life into his exhausted frame now, but he would not have it. He felt that he could not spend Mary's money—she had worked hard to keep little Davie. If she would give him a crust and a drink of tea he would be thankful to her, but above all things, if she would let him see his boy. How he dragged his weary steps to Fulham that day, David Benn never quite knew. He crept slowly along, keeping close to the railings, and many a policeman scowled at him and ordered him to move on. But it was his wife's purse that he had hidden in the bosom of his dirty shirt now, and he was no longer afraid of them, for he was taking it back to her. And once, when without warning, he suddenly lost consciousness, and waked up again to find himself in a surgery, with a doctor standing by ready to pour a cordial down his throat, everyone seemed so kind and willing to help him, that the poor wretch was overcome and burst into a flood of weak tears.

"Come! Cheer up, my man," said the doctor, "you've been fasting too long. That's what's the matter with you. You must get home and have a good meal. Have you a home?"

"No, sir!—Yes, sir! I have, and a little boy in it. I'm going there now," replied poor Benn.

"That's right. The sooner you're there the better. Now drink off this medicine, and it will do you good."

Benn swallowed the cordial and staggered to his feet. It had warmed his blood. He really felt better, and as if he could reach Fulham now. With muttered thanks to the surgeon, he once more went upon his way.

"Poor fellow! He is very ill," said the doctor, looking after him, "and I'm afraid he's suffering from the usual London complaint—starvation. Well!" with a sigh, "one cannot help them all. I wish one could."

Meanwhile Benn was walking a little more bravely. He had passed Kensington now, and was drawing near to Fulham.

How nervous he felt as he came in sight of Woodford Terrace. Would Mary recognize him he wondered, in such shabby clothes, and if she did, would she be frightened at his appearance? Little Davie would be afraid, perhaps, lest if he could only catch sight of his boy first, and make friends with him before he saw his mother. He had forgotten that a miserable, forlorn-looking object he had become, and how much more likely to alarm than to conciliate an infant. But there were no children playing in front of the 15, Woodford Terrace. The blinds of the little tenement were drawn down, though a dim light might be distinguished burning in the interior, for by this time it was four o'clock, and the winter afternoon had turned to dusk. David Benn leaned against the palings of the house for some minutes before he could summon up strength to knock at the door, but the thought of his boy encouraged him, and he raised the knocker with a feeble, trembling hand. In another moment his wife had opened the door to him.

"I have nothing to give you," she said, in a low, sad voice. "I haven't enough for myself," and with this she tried to close the door again, but his foot was on the threshold.

"Mary," he said, with a sort of sob. She recognized him at once.

"You here!" she cried, stepping backwards, "after leaving me for five years to starve! Is little Davie alone? What right have you to come here, David Benn?"

"None, Mary, none!" he answered, in a humble voice, "only I'm so weak and ill, and I yearned to see you and the child."

"The child!" she repeated, strangely. "Who told you there was a child?"

His only answer was to hold out the purse in his trembling hand.

"It belongs to you," cried Mary Benn, seizing it. "And was it you who stole it from me? My God! have you sunk so low as this?"

And with that she sat down in the chair and covered her face with her hands, whilst her husband stood in the doorway, abject and humiliated.

"I did steal it," he murmured, presently, "but I was desperate. Look at me, Mary. I am starving. For weeks I have not had proper nourishment. For four days I have tasted nothing. Don't reproach me, however much I may deserve it. I am too weak to hear reproaches."

Mrs. Benn rose from her chair again and took him by the arm.

"Come in," she said. "Whatever you have done, you are worse off than I am. I have, at least, food and drink."

She placed him by the fire, and served him with hot tea and bread and butter. To the famished man these ordinary eatables tasted like a banquet. Then his wife's eyes fell on his muddy clothes, and she burst into tears.

"O, Davie!" she exclaimed, "what have you been doing to bring yourself down to such a plight—you, of whom I used to be so proud!

"Don't talk of it, Mary. I cannot tell you—at least, not yet. I am too much ashamed. But it hasn't been what I did last night. If it had, I should have fared better. That was the first time I ever took the goods of another. I'm deeply ashamed of it. Yet if I hadn't, I should never have seen you again, perhaps, or the boy."

She started, and he misinterpreted her action.

"Don't think I've come to stay, Mary. You couldn't keep a ragged fellow like me near you. I should disgrace you too much. Only, let me see my boy, and then I'll creep away again. The sight of you alone has put fresh life in me.

"Davie," said Mary Benn, with trembling lips, "you know I was always fond and proud of you till you took to drink. I've gone through plenty of suffering, and pain, and trouble since we parted, but I thought, at least, that you were prosperous and happy."

"Happy! Mary! I haven't had a happy hour since I left you."

"Well, no more have I; but still, I've made enough to buy bread and meat, and if you wish to share it now, you're welcome."

"But I want to work for you again, Mary; for you and the boy. I didn't know the boy had come till I opened your purse last night. I have come home long ago. 'Twasn't fair to leave you to support him all by yourself."

"It matters little now," said Mary, in a stunned tone.

"Ah! but it does, though," he responded, eagerly, "and you must let me do my share. For the sake of him that made me so happy as Mary—proud of him and of you. And my strength isn't all gone, though I look such a poor creature. A week's food would put the life into me again, and I would try to get back some of my work. And don't fear the drink, Mary, for I've made up my mind to take the pledge for the boy's sake, and you will see him. Let me see my child, and you'll make me feel a man once again."

"Hush, Davie, hush!" cried his wife, in tears.

"Why! What's the matter? Isn't he here?"

"Yes! Yes! He's here."

"And won't you let me see him?"

"Certainly, in a moment. But if you'd only come last week."

"Why!" asked the man, rising to his feet.

"Because—because—last week, he was so well, and bonnie, and happy, and now—and—and— Look there."

She threw open the door of an inner room as she spoke, and on the white coverlet of the bed he saw his child—the original of the photograph—asleep. White chrysanthemums and Christmas roses lay on his bosom and his little night-dress and in his folded hands, but on the marble forehead and the shut violet-tinted eyelids lay the impress of God's loveliest, holiest angel—Death.

The wretched father gazed at the sight for a moment in silence, and then, with a cry of anguish sank on his knees. "Dead!" he gasped, "dead!"

"Yes, Davie!" replied Mary's trembling voice, "dead! He left me four days ago. It was so sudden—so unexpected. Only the evening before he had seemed well and happy. But the croup—the croup— And to-morrow," (here she broke down in a passion of tears) "to-morrow they will put him under the ground. O! my boy! my boy! Heaven has taken from me all the comfort that I had."

She threw herself across the bed on which her child was lying, and the man dared not put out a finger to comfort or caress her. He could not help remembering that the last time he had parted she had borne the impress of his cruel blows upon her face and shoulders.

"O, Mary," he said, at last, and in this sorrow I am worse than you. And yet I should have shared the trouble and the joy—I dare not even try to give you comfort. I, who should have worked for you and with you—who should have had the remembrance of his little arms about my neck, his sweet eyes looking into mine—I am nothing but a shame and a disgrace."

"You did not know," she sobbed.

"I knew at least that I had left you to struggle with the world as best you might, but don't think I had quite forgot you, Mary. Even in my worst degradation I have had thoughts of you, and been glad that you had not the shame of seeing me. For I loved you, Mary, once, before the drink turned me from a man into a beast."

"I know you did," she said, softly, "and I often told our Davie so."

"Our Davie! Ah, don't call him ours. There could have been nothing in common between him and such as I. God did well to take him home before my blasting look fell on him. I am not worthy to have a child. I—a drunkard and a thief."

"David, don't be so hard upon yourself. You're not a thief. A thief don't bring his thievings back again in tears and shame. There's better things in store for you, and I've often thought so. For I haven't forgotten either, Davie—how could I with your child upon my knee—and I've never ceased to pray that sooner or later you might remember too, and come back to me and Davie."

"Ah! remember it is too late," rejoined the unhappy man. "O, why wasn't he spared just for one week longer! The very knowledge that he lived seemed to make a better man of me."

"Then he's done the work maybe that he was sent for," said the mother.

"What is that you mean

"He has brought his father home, and he will make him stay. Davie, don't go away, now you have come. Disease, no sickness, no poverty can change a woman's heart. The more you need, the more I shall have to give. Let Davie in Heaven bind us together once again."

She turned and opened her arms to him.

"Mary, you can't mean it?" he said, incredulously.

"I do mean it. I mean it for the lad I loved, for the man who married me, for the father of my dead child. Husband, in Davie's name, come home."

He gazed at her for a moment in silence, and then fell sobbing like a child into her arms.

THE END.

Next week, conclusion of the series A Cruel Shame, by Frederick Boyle author of A Good Hater, etc.

SURPRISE SOAP

SAVES
1—TIME.
2—MONEY.
3—LABOR.
4—CLOTHES.
5—HANDS.

Using SURPRISE Soap "the Surprise way" there is no need whatever to boil or scald the clothes—it saves a lot of time and there is not half the hard work—there is no hard rubbing required so the clothes are not worn out by being rubbed to pieces—and so harmless is it that the finest fabrics are not hurt nor the tenderest hands.

To wash the "Surprise way," READ the directions on the wrapper.

A Free of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

McAllister Outdone.

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THE END.

Next week, conclusion of the series A Cruel Shame, by Frederick Boyle author of A Good Hater, etc.

A Plea for Helen.

A modern journalist says, "Of all the beautiful women I have known but few have attained superiority of any kind."

"O, Davie!" she exclaimed, "what have you been doing to bring yourself down to such a plight—you, of whom I used to be so proud!

"Don't talk of it, Mary. I cannot tell you—at least, not yet. I am too much ashamed. But it hasn't been what I did last night. If it had, I should have fared better. That was the first time I ever took the goods of another. I'm deeply ashamed of it. Yet if I hadn't, I should never have seen you again, perhaps, or the boy."

She started, and he misinterpreted her action.

"Don't think I've come to stay, Mary. You couldn't keep a ragged fellow like me near you. I should disgrace you too much. Only, let me see my boy, and then I'll creep away again. The sight of you alone has put fresh life in me.

"Davie," said Mary Benn, with trembling lips, "you know I was always fond and proud of you till you took to drink. I've gone through plenty of suffering, and pain, and trouble since we parted, but I thought, at least, that you were prosperous and happy."

"Happy! Mary! I haven't had a happy hour since I left you."

"Well, no more have I; but still, I've made enough to buy bread and meat, and if you wish to share it now, you're welcome."

"But I want to work for you again, Mary; for you and the boy. I didn't know the boy had come till I opened your purse last night. I have come home long ago. 'Twasn't fair to leave you to support him all by yourself."

"It matters little now," said Mary, in a stunned tone.

"Ah! but it does, though," he responded, eagerly, "and you must let me do my share. For the sake of him that made me so happy as Mary—proud of him and of you. And my strength isn't all gone, though I look such a poor creature. A week's food would put the life into me again, and I would try to get back some of my work. And don't fear the drink, Mary, for I've made up my mind to take the pledge for the boy's sake, and you will see him. Let me see my child, and you'll make me feel a man once again."

"Hush, Davie, hush!" cried his wife, in tears.

"Why! What's the matter? Isn't he here?"

"Yes! Yes! He's here."

"And won't you let me see him?"

"Certainly, in a moment. But if you'd only come last week."

"Why!" asked the man, rising to his feet.

"Because—because—last week, he was so well, and bonnie, and happy, and now—and—and— Look there."

She threw open the door of an inner room as she spoke, and on the white coverlet of the bed he saw his child—the original of the photograph—asleep. White chrysanthemums and Christmas roses lay on his bosom and his little night-dress and in his folded hands, but on the marble forehead and the shut violet-tinted eyelids lay the impress of God's loveliest, holiest angel—Death.

The wretched father gazed at the sight for a moment in silence, and then, with a cry of anguish sank on his knees. "Dead!" he gasped, "dead!"

"Yes, Davie!" replied Mary's trembling voice, "dead! He left me four days ago. It was so sudden—so unexpected. Only the evening before he had seemed well and happy. But the croup—the croup— And to-morrow," (here she broke down in a passion of tears) "to-morrow they will put him under the ground. O! my boy! my boy! Heaven has taken from me all the comfort that I had."

She threw herself across the bed on which her child was lying, and the man dared not

Miss Blanche Snow—I's 'fraid I's deprivin' yo's ob yo's seat, sar.

Mr. Cheerfield Knight—No depravity, miss; no depravity.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
CURE SICK HEADACHE
For Sale by All Druggists

DO YOU WANT A GOOD TONIC? TAKE THE INDIGENOUS BITTERS

THE most economic, and at the same time the most effectual stomachic and aid to digestion.

A 25 cents package is sufficient to make 3 large bottles of the best Bitters.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 30 YEARS IN USE.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
Offer for sale all grades of refined
SUGARS AND SYRUPS
Of the well-known brand of
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Certificate of Strength and Purity:
CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.
To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.8 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.
Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
FOR THE TIRED BRAIN
from over-exertion. Try it.

Give Her Time.

Kate—I've been rescued from a watery grave by two separate and distinct nice young men this summer.

Helen—Well, you can't marry them all.

Kate—I can't! Chicago is my native city.

A Waterworks Item.

We cannot agree with Ellen Terry when she says that the art of shedding tears without cause cannot be acquired. We know a girl who has acquired the art. She got the seal skin sacque, too.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Her Love.

Written for Saturday Night.

"Think of her, your wife," she is saying mournfully, "and remember I can never be anything to you."

"But my darling," he says brokenly, "say you love me—no one else."

"Heaven help me," the girl says, "I do."

"My darling," the man says passionately, clasping her to him, covering her face with kisses, "My darling, why mind what the world will say. Why not go away with me and never come back, and we too shall be happy always. Imagine the misery of seeing you day by day and knowing that you are not mine."

"Hush!" she answers sobbing, "I cannot. Do you not realize how life would be. You would have to give up home, friends, all for me. Not for a short time only, but always. Even if you were willing I could not let you sacrifice your life for me."

"Dear one," he says gently. "I am willing, no—more than anxious to do what you call sacrifice my life for you. But—reproachfully—I am afraid you do not love me or you would consent."

"No, Harry.

"'I could not love thee dear so much
Loved I not honor more.'"

"But,"—commences Harry eagerly.

"Go," she interrupts fiercely, "do not tempt me to lose my most sacred possession—my honor."

She goes rapidly to the door and before he can detain her has left the room.

I shall take a short space and describe to my reader the people of whom I am writing. The girl was the only daughter of Squire Ullerton. She was tall, with golden brown hair and blue eyes, and a delightful manner all her own.

Her father, sometime before, had met Harry Dallas, and being very much taken with him, invited him to stay for the shooting at Ullerton.

Mr. Dallas, was a very handsome man; in fact the ideal man of a young girl's dream.

He had crowned all other follies of his life by falling in love with pretty Dorothy Ullerton.

Neither the squire nor Mrs. Ullerton had any idea of the state of affairs.

The rest of the house party consisted of a Miss Grace Campbell, a very dark, dashing little girl, piquante and bright, but with none of her cousin's (Dorothy) winsome beauty. Next in order Mr. Tom Welwood, the squire's particular chum, and Mr. Godfrey Mahone, commonly called Paddy.

I must bore my readers by telling them a little more of the personal history of Mr. Dallas. He had, when quite a young man, married a woman a few years older than himself—a designing woman who had made love to him for his money. The poor man had not a happy moment while near her, so by mutual agreement they went their own different ways.

. . . . . .

It was shortly after the scene we have just described when Grace, who very much to Paddy's chagrin was trying to draw Mr. Welwood into a flirtation, heard the dressing bell and hurried off to get dressed, and passing Dorothy's room went in for a few minutes chat. She found her cousin lying on the sofa crying.

"What is the matter, my dear girl?" asked Grace, greatly distressed. "What is the matter? Do tell me. Can I help you in any way?"

"No thanks," answered Dorothy, controlling herself by a strong effort. "There is nothing wrong with me."

"Are you sure? Is their nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Well," says Grace slowly, "if there is nothing wrong do hurry up and dress or you will be late. Shall I ring for Martha?"

"Thanks dear."

Then Grace left to attend to her own dressing.

While at dinner the squire, quite unconscious of Dorothy's embarrassment, said, "Well, Dolly my dear, you look ill. Do you feel all right?" Harry looked across the table very anxiously at her. She managed to falter out, "I have a slight headache."

After dinner Mrs. Ullerton has her usual "forty winks." When the men come in the squire and Mr. Welwood draw out the chess table. So the young people are left to themselves. Dorothy is persuaded by Grace to sing, and chooses Good-bye, and sings it in a way that astonishes her listeners. Never have they heard her sing with so much passion before:

"What are we waiting for, oh my heart?
Kiss me straight on the brows and part.
What are we waiting for, you and I?
Good-bye forever, good-bye, good-bye."

As she finishes the last word her hands drop on the piano and rising abruptly she leaves the room, and going out under the willow leans her head upon her hand, while a look of unutterable despair steals over her face.

Suddenly she hears a footstep and looking up sees Harry standing beside her.

"Why did you come?" she asks, brokenly. "Only to torture me?"

"I came," he says passionately, "because I love you, because I am miserable when I am not with you. My dear, more gently, "I came to implore you to listen to my appeal."

"No," she answers firmly, "never. Have you considered the disgrace that will fall on my father and mother who love me? She would be your wife. What would I be?"

"Hush," he interposes sternly. "You would be my wife in the sight of heaven. We, love, were made for each other. If I were not tied to that woman! I loathe her. I, who when a mere boy, met her and with the foolishness of youth imagined it made a man of me to be flattered and sought by a woman older than I was. And now, my heaven! I am tied to her for life."

"Dear," said Dorothy, very gently, laying her hand on his bowed head. "Remember she is your wife."

"Can I forget it? I remember it every hour of the day, every second. If only I could forget it; but she hangs like a mill-stone around my neck."

"You must never speak to me of this again," she says, gently. "Never again."

"Good heavens!" he says, passionately. "How can I stand the long, long years without you. Never see you again—never look upon that sweet face and kiss you, but"—with sudden passion—"I will have some to remember." He seizes and presses her to his heart, and for one short, happy moment her head lies on his breast and he covers her face and neck with kisses.

At last, remembering herself, she gathers all her strength and wrenches herself free. "Go," she says, faintly. "Go at once, and never let me see you again."

He leaves her before he again loses his self-control, and when he has left she returns to her old position.

She has been there a very short time when Grace meanders along with Paddy. Dorothy can hear their conversation before they reach her.

"Sure," Paddy is saying. "Sure now I wish we could be here forever, you and I."

"Do yez?" says Grace, coldly. "I don't imagine living in perpetual moonlight. How awfully weary one would get of seeing the same trees and the same scene day after day. No thanks, I would rather it did not last forever."

"But Miss Grace, I would not care for the scenery; I would only look at you."

"Worse and worse," says Miss Grace, bantersingly. "I appreciate the great honor you do me but notwithstanding I am afraid I must decline. As she sees Dorothy:

"Well, my dear, how is the headache?"

"It's all right, dear," sauctly answers Paddy.

"Go away, cheeky boy," laughs Grace.

"I am afraid it is worse," Dorothy says. "I think I shall go into the house."

"Very well, we shall go too," says Grace, not heeding Paddy's frantic attempts to stop her.

They find every one preparing to go to their rooms. Harry Dallas brings Dorothy a bedroom candle and finds time to whisper, "My dear, as you seem determined not to come with me, let me see you at the old oak tree in a quarter of an hour."

"No. Go away and never let me see you again."

"You cannot love me or you would want me to stay."

Dorothy does not answer, but taking her candle goes quietly out of the room.

. . . . . .

Three weeks have passed. Three weeks of anguish to Dorothy. Three weeks of joy for Grace—who has engaged herself to Harry Dallas left Ullerton the morning after the last interview with Dorothy. As to-day is a hunting day they are all up early at Ullerton.

The squire and Paddy are looking very "fetching" in their fresh pink. Dorothy, though a little paler, is handsome than ever in her lightly fitting habit. The squire and Dorothy start off together, Grace and Paddy bring up the rear. Mrs. Elsmere, a pretty little widow, takes up Dorothy's attention when they get on the hunting field. The squire leaves her with Mrs. Elsmere and is soon in a hot discussion with one of his cronies, on the political questions of the day. Suddenly in the midst of Mrs. Elsmere's gossip the hounds lead off, the horse which is very fresh, it being the first time it has been ridden on the hunting field, throws up his head and starts off in the opposite direction on a gallop. Dorothy is the only one who sees it, as the others were in advance of them. She sees that Mrs. Elsmere's horse is making for the chalk pits. Dorothy without a second's hesitation plies the whip to her horse and cuts across the triangle to head the horse off. She sees her friend's horse in the distance. It is ahead of her. She settles herself in the saddle and again applies the whip. Heavens! will she never gain it? She still gallops on and arrives at the last fence a little before Mrs. Elsmere. Dorothy's horse bounds lightly over the fence, but comes down heavily on the other side, trys to gain her footing but falls—crash—with Dorothy under him.

Mrs. Elsmere dismounts quickly and tries to cut Dorothy out. Suddenly the fallen horse rolls over and with a slight convulsion dies. Its back is broken. Just then the huntsmen ride up. The squire is nearly crazy when he sees his only child lying there cold, so white. A doctor who is on the field examines her and after a short pause says: "My dear squire, prepare yourself for the worst. Miss Dorothy is weak—a day perhaps, is all she can live."

"My God," says the squire, brokenly.

A gate is quickly taken off its hinges and Dorothy is borne back to her home. The home she had left so full of life only a short time ago.

Grace and Paddy, knowing nothing of the accident, returned home to find Dorothy, the loved one, at death's door. The grief of Mrs. Ullerton was fearful to witness, seeming to realize how ill she is, says to her mother, who is bending over her, "Send for Harry."

"Harry Dallas, I must see him before I die."

She again relapses into unconsciousness. Mrs. Ullerton telegraphs for Harry. She knows it will be at least half an hour before he can come, but prays he may be in time.

Dorothy regains her senses at intervals and inquires faintly if Harry has come. Finally she regains consciousness.

"Mamma," she whispers, "is Harry coming."

"Yes, dear," answers Mrs. Ullerton, and then unable to control herself any longer, commences to weep.

"Hush! dear mother," says Dorothy; "do not cry—all is well with me. I shall die happy if only I see Harry to bid him good-bye. Ah! listen—he is coming—he is here!"

It is indeed Harry. He has reached the room. His face is ghastly pale. He goes to the bedside, and dropping on his knees, takes her hand in his.

"My God!" he says, brokenly, "is there no hope?"

"None," she says, "but I am content to die."

"You shall not die!" he says, wildly. "It's not right, nor just, nor—"

"Hush! dear. I am happier than I have ever been. Kiss me. Let me go good-bye."

He lays his lips gently on hers.

"Lift me up," she whispers.

He puts his arm under her and lifts her up.

"Ah! I see the golden city," and her face was glorious for a moment.

Then she turned and looked into his face, and smiling such a lovely, tired smile as might have lit up her face when as a baby girl she fell asleep on her mother's knee, she died with her head upon his shoulder—the shoulder of the man who had fain been guilty of so much wrong to her. And for those few moments when the divine presence hovered so close to him, who shall say that Harry Dallas did not become a better and purer man.

WARREN.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

GYPSEY, Belleville.—See rules.

CONSTANT READER, Morrisburg.—See rules.

ETHEL CARLETON, ALICE CASSIMAR, LOU ARTHURS AND JOSIE VERNON.—See rules.

VIOLET GRAME.—Your writing has been delinquent. I cannot take time to hunt up the date to-day. You should look out for answer.

GLADYS M., RHUM, SOPHIA H., SNOWBALL, AND PEARL are five young women who do not read my rules, or they would not all come on slips of paper in one envelope, asking for delineations.

SORROW.—Writing shows some pride and dignity, sensitiveness and sharp judgment, a little temper and much optimism. You are tenacious and persevering, and have sufficient energy, though sometimes wrongly directed.

H. T. N.—You are kind and courteous, quick-tempered and perhaps a little addicted to monotony and thought. You have good intuitive perception, love to be praised, and deserve praise for your industry. Your style, are sufficiently powerful, truthful, and rather self-willed.

SCHOOGUES.—Preserving, hopeful, fond of fun, a little self-willed, with good perception and a kindly nature, apt to speak before you think, fond of society and a pretty face, also of an argument; this is the best of nature's gifts, nine words, but your chirography, even in so small a specimen has a very decided character.

MAC.—You are fond of a joke, rather original and have decided talent, good sensibility, sensitiveness, perseverance, energy, and though rather peculiar in your methods are mainly governed by good sense. I feel rather a tendency to be swayed by opinions of others and some wasted effort. That is "the sort of coon" you are, Mac.

FELICIA.—Your writing shows want of consistency in opinion and action, and variable judgment, your opinions being easily swayed by outside influences. You are not very practical, though your ideas are original and original talent, but are not liable to make great use of it. I dare say you will be true to your name through life, and gain much respect.

MAX, Hamilton.—See rules. From the few lines accompanying your own and friend's quotations, I find you have tenacity of purpose, good energy, hope and candor, excellent judgment, good temper, rather a hasty temper and impulsive like way of looking at life's happenings; think a good deal of yourself and have some excuse for doing so; have quick perception and some taste.

OLIVER.—1. Writing shows deliberate action, ideality and some sense of humor, rather an original and independent mind, some generosity, good temper, considerable caution in word and deed. A very reliable and rather admirable study. 2. A young girl who is not of age, and not need visiting cards can put her name on her mother's if she wishes, but is is not usually done.

HAZ.—I re-read your charming little letter to-day, with a qualm of conscience that it had lain so long unanswered. My dear little housekeeper, you have my warmest sympathy and I hope you have come through the summer safely. I can scarcely imagine you with all that responsibility. I suppose your farm has been, like all of its kind, a great success this year. I never remember a better fruit year. I am coming your way this fall, and shall perhaps (without knowing it) pass by your door. Write whenever you feel like it.

FRANKIE.—The rhymes are first rate for the small girl, all but the quotation at the last. I think it is a bad thing to make lady reference to what some consider a very awful and irrevocable doom. If I were writing for my little niece I'd clip those four last lines severely. Your writing is very careless, Frankie, and not a very good study, but as you have called me "sweet" I must do something with it, you know! Are undecided and impulsive, loving and kind, extravagant, fond of fun and full of mischief, and doubtless very popular. I really cannot make a proper delineation from your fantastic little wiggles.

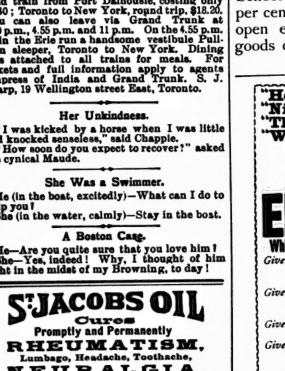
R. S. B.—For enclosure please see rules. Your own writing shows self-will and energetic impulse. You have had to take the trouble to pring your impulse you have spoiled the study. You are candid to the verge of rudeness, sensitive in liking and dislikes, easy-tempered and offhand, rather practical than idealistic. You are not hopeful nor hopeful, you are much dignity, and you have good strength which you might save in careless and undisciplined effort. I am not is the least afraid you will be "crushed to Mother Earth," as you anticipate, by this delineation. If you had been more reasonable it would have been better.

PIPE PRONY.—I am very glad to put your name on my list of correspondents. Your writing shows impulse, affection and decision, you are sometimes impatient, and rather hard to please, looking in hoopyness and averse to castle-building, though you have your ideals; you have originality and talent, and though not large-hearted or disposed to bestow your liking indiscriminately, you would be a true and valuable friend. I don't think you are suave in manner or at all backward in asserting your opinions, and you can speak up pretty sharply if need be. This was really my "earliest opportunity."

NELLIE.—Individuality, mirth, good humor, rather an enterprising and fearless disposition, an impulse at once upward and onward, rather a lack of perseverance and reflection, while maker writer sometimes appear unsympathetic and self-engrossed, though such may not be the case. She is, however, rather chary of her good opinion and her friends are few, though to it few she is very loyal. Nellie might with profit study more the opinions and feelings of others and adapt herself slightly to them, for though her independence is bracing and healthy it can be just as valuable were tempered with politeness and tact. Only there you are as your writing presents you, mademoiselle!

EVELYN ST. CLAIR.—1. It is rather late to answer your question about the summer dress, but be careful, your white flannel has been a favorite, and those dainty-figured delaines and bengalines were very pretty. 2. Do not know, sounds like Bertha M Clay or Mary J. Holmes. 3. Unless the person has some special unfitness for it in the shape of illness, it is decidedly beneficial. 4. Why should I be annoyed at your questions? They were sensible, and most intelligent questions. 5. Your writing shows refinement and energy, some love of self, tendency to unfinished work, and lack of thought. You are generous, impatient, kind and sweet-tempered, and have a genuine enjoyment of fun Some of your ideas are impractical and exaggerated, but generally pretty clear and fair. You have hope and would fare poorly in trouble or distress. Sorry your answer was so long in reaching you. Your letter was mislaid.

SAPPHO.—Your writing is, first of all, very good and very bad. Can it be that the opposite sex of humanity should have met in you? Are you amiable and yet hot-tempered, kind and selfish, hopeful and happy in disposition and yet subject to fits of cussedness, when your own acts will be your undoing? You understand how to take the world and its issues, have talent to manage, and perseverance and tact to win them, but here and there is a line of unreliability and a want of consistency and of adherence of principle. You have energy when it suits you, but could live without work very happily. Please don't think I am finding out all your bad points, because I have really been most interested and attracted by your writing. 2 I have not the least idea what are the necessary qualifications for a journalist on a daily. 3 Journalism as a profession is fine, if you have good pay and a reasonably decent staff over or under you, otherwise it is the very other drudgery. I should fancy. It's one of the quickest occupations to reduce one to one's proper level, and tone down one's erratic impulse known as genius.



Two Phases of Every-day Life.

"Here's Mr. McAleer," said the bartender's daughter, aged eight, as she put her hand under the half door at the Harvest Home, and a moment later Mr. McAleer walked slowly in and sat down at a table in the corner.

"Mornin'," said the bartender; "how is yourself?"

"Worse," said Mr. McAleer. "Me arm was terrible bad last night. Say, how is them iron rings for rheumatism?"

"Mrs. Mulrain said they done her a whole lot of good," said the bartender, taking a small comb from his waistcoat pocket and carefully arranging his large red mustache. "Say," he said, turning suddenly round, "there was a feller up to your place tried to kill himself last night I was hearing."

"Did kill himself," said Mr. McAleer.

"One ale, two lagers and an Irish. All right gents," said the bartender, cheerily, as four men walked in and stood before him. "Who did you say it was?" he continued, speaking over the heads of his customers.

"Mag Duffy's husband, they said up to the house. I seen the ambulance at the door, but I didn't take no interest," said Mr. McAleer wearily. "How long did Mrs. Mulrain wear them rings?" he continued.

"First time I ever knowed an Irishman to kill himself," said one of the drinking men.

"Here's fortune," said the bartender, and drank about an inch of beer from a big glass.

"What's de matter wid youse people? Didn't I shake sixes?" said one of the drinking men.

"Ah, youse bum," said another, rather speaking as one. And then a violent altercation ensued as to who should pay for the round.

"Mamie! Mamie! come here," called the bartender.

"What?" said the child, and again put her head under the half door.

"Take Mr. McAleer over his clam broth." And the child carefully carried a mug of steaming liquid over to the table in the corner.

"That's very nourishing," said Mr. McAleer, and drank the boiling broth without a wink, then he wriggled slowly out and up the street until he came to 34. Here a group of children sprawled upon the step and an ash barrel stood beside the door. Mr. McAleer made his way through the children into a narrow passageway which led into a small court tenanted solely by a dead kitten.

At the further end of the court an open door disclosed a flight of narrow and winding stairs, and up these he slowly proceeded, stopping and breathing heavily at every landing, but at length at the fourth floor he paused and banged loudly with his clenched fist upon a door at the head of the stairs.

Sounds of shuffling came from within, and a stout woman with her hair down her back opened the door.

"Come in, Mr. McAleer," she said, and he walked in.

In the middle of the room a large caldron steamed upon the stove. Upon a lounge in one corner a girl about twenty years old lay sleeping. Her hair fell about her face and she was barefooted.

"Get up, Mag," said the stout woman, and the girl, lifting herself up, coughed dismally.

"She's not long for this world," said the stout woman.

"No," said Mr. McAleer, and sat down on the window sill. "You are in great trouble, Mrs. Ryan," he continued.

"Yes," said the stout woman, "but the doctors says that Patsy will live. His pulse is stronger, and I'm making him some vegetable broth against his being able to eat."

"What was the reason for his act?" said Mr. McAleer, and he began to grind some tobacco in the palm of his left hand.

"Oh, well, he got drinking the whisky. If he'd only shtick to the beer I'd think he come home and I went into the back room, and I heard Mag give a shriek, and when I came in there was Patsy fat on the broad of his back, and his mouth and teet' and clothes was all green. 'I've took Paris green,' he says; 'God be wid ye all,' and then I sent Katie Mulrain for the ambulance."

"How long have he and Mag been married?" said Mr. McAleer, rising slowly to his feet.

"Two year this St. Patrick's day," said the stout woman.

"She'll die," he continued, indicating the girl upon the lounge with his thumb.

"She will," said the stout woman.

And Mr. McAleer walked slowly out.—*N. Y. SUN.*

The Apple-woman's Yarn; or, on Fogarty's Beat.

"How do you do, Mr. Fogarty?" said the apple-woman, as I paused before her stall.

"Well, I'm pretty well, thank you, Mrs. Mulligan, and how are you?"

"Middling, middling, sir, middling, but I'm not complaining."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, sir, I don't like to bother you with my troubles, but I've been robbed, sir, robbed of a dollar and a half, sir, and I can't afford it, sir, I can't afford it."

"Robbed, eh? Tell me about it."

"Well, sir, I was standing here last night, sir, and a man came up and bought a dozen of apples, sir, and he gave me a dollar and a half, sir, and I gave him the change, sir, and he went away, sir, and I found I had a counterfeit dollar, sir, and I can't afford it, sir, I can't afford it."

"Why, Mrs. Mulligan, you must be more careful."

"I know I must, sir, but I can't afford it, sir, I can't afford it."

"Why, Mrs. Mulligan, I'm surprised at you. You

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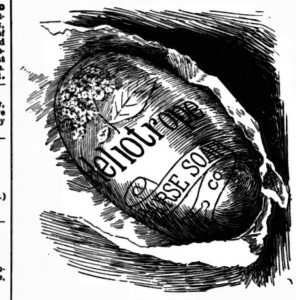

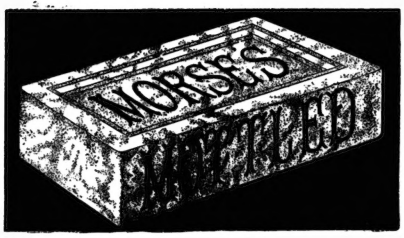

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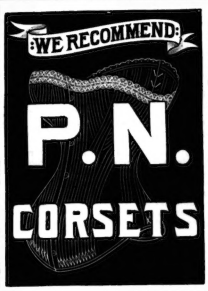

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Penelope's Ingenuity.

"Papa," said Penelope, turning suddenly from the piano, with a pretty blush playing on her cheeks, "do you think I am too young to be e-e-engaged?"

"Of course I do," growled her father; "now, who in the world has put the idea of marriage into your head? What's his name?"

"O, he hasn't asked me yet, but—well, you know."

"Yes, I know all about it, and I warn him that he'll know more about it if he comes fooling around you any more. Now, what do you want to think about such a thing as that for, Nellie? Haven't you the best home in the world?"

"O, yes, papa; but it would be awfully nic to be engaged, I think."

"How nice?"

"O, nice to have a young man coming to see you every evening—"

"Humph! I'd like to catch him coming to see you every evening."

"And it would be nice to have a pretty diamond ring—"

"Haven't you enough rings?"

"Well, I haven't a solitaire."

"Pen," said her father, seriously, "if I buy you a solitaire ring will you promise faithfully to give up all thoughts of this young man?"

"Yes, papa," she answered.

"Very well, then; remember your promise. You shall have the ring to-morrow, although it's a sad piece of extravagance," groaned the old gentleman, walking painfully out of the room.

"Well," said Penelope to herself, as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, "I may not be smart, but I think that's the easiest way to get a diamond ring I've heard of yet. I must tell the other girls."

The Voice of Experience.

Mrs. B.—Here come the Manishes in summer attire. What she can marry that man for!

Mr. B.—To wear his clothes probably.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA ON THE LAKE.

Miss Kingsmill's dance of last Wednesday evening was decidedly the social event of the season. A line of the ever indispensable Chinese lanterns bordered the gravel sweep from the gate to the house, while upon entering a glance revealed a beautifully waxed floor, costly arranged little *tete a tete* seats, and a profusion of golden rod, water lilies and other natural flowers everywhere. The supper table, loaded with delicacies of every description, was also very prettily decorated with lilies and golden rod. Among those present were: Miss Hardy, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Mackay, Mr. and the Misses Houston, Mr. Hill, Mr. and the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Mr. Herbert Syer, Mr. Foulkes, the Misses Geale, Mr. Gordon and the Misses Heward, Mr. G. Brooke, Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. J. and the Misses Russell, Mr. W. and the Misses Boulton and Miss C. Boulton, Mr. Rykert, Mr. D. Palmer, Mr. Vatable. The evening was a delightful one, and although dancing was continued until two o'clock or later, the guests departed most reluctantly, unanimous in the opinion that it had been a thoroughly successful and enjoyable affair. All the dresses worn were remarkably pretty, but three or four especially admired were: Miss Kingsmill's, an exquisite white corded silk; Mrs. Dickson's, violet and white striped silk; Miss A. Boulton's, yellow china silk; and Miss Hardy's, black velvet, *en train*.

The pleasant weekly hops at the Chautauqua are over, greatly to the regret of the young people of the town and of the rapidly decreasing number of summer visitors who have regularly attended and found them so enjoyable. Among those who attended the last one were: Miss Folwell, Mr. and Miss Toller, Mr. Sawin, Mr. Fleischmann, Mr. Percy Ball, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. Gurney, Mrs. and Miss Ball, the Misses Bernard, Mr. B. Webster, the Misses Paffard, the Misses Blake, Mrs. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Miss Smith, Miss Barker, Mr. Coulson, Capt. and Miss Milloy, Mr. E. Russell, Mr. H. Watt, Miss Servos, Miss Godson, Miss Howland, Mrs. Beals, Miss B. Ker, Miss Anderson, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. G. Bernard.

An unusually large and enthusiastic audience greeted Mr. Ramsay at his closing concert last Friday evening. At the commencement of the programme, in which he excelled himself in some of his best songs, he thanked his audience in a few well chosen words for their kind reception of him during the past ten weeks and cordially hoped, were he again present next season, that he might receive the same warm welcome which they had so kindly extended to him this and last summer. The hearty applause which followed proved to some extent the very kindly feeling existing between the speaker and his audience, and it is safe to predict a very warm welcome for any future appearance Mr. Ramsay may make in this vicinity. He was assisted on Friday evening by Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. Allen, Mr. Shaw and Master Bert Thompson. Among the audience I noticed Mr. and Miss McKeane of Hamilton, Miss E. Russell, Mr. Taylor, the Misses Boulton, Mr. C. Swabey, Miss Russell, Mr. and the Misses Heward, Mr. F. Geddes, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mrs. and Miss Blake, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. F. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. H. Syer, Mr. A. C. and the Misses Howe, Miss Milloy, Mr. H. Hunter, Miss Winnie Smith, Mr. Warren, the Misses Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Mr. P. and Miss K. Ball, the Misses Paffard, Miss Mabel Gosling, Miss Toller.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's was by far the best of the season in every respect. The music was perfect, the evening deliciously cool and the attendance large enough to include every one's friends, consequently it was unanimously pronounced the jolliest of the many pleasant ones held this summer. Some of the very large number present were: Miss Mathews, Mrs. C. and Miss K. Ball, Mr. P. and Mr. Ernest Ball, Mr. W. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore, Mr. Taylor, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. Frank Russell, Mr. P. Horrocks, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Herbert Syer, Mr. Coulson, Mrs. John Foy, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. L. and Miss Dalton, Mr. McMurray, Miss Kallaily, Mr. F. and the Misses Geale, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Syer, Mrs. and the Misses Mack, Miss Bate, Mr. Fuller, Mrs. and Mr. P. Helliwell, Miss Fenton, Miss Mathews, Mr. Woodruff, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Miss Paffard, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. G. and the Misses Heward, Mr. C. and Miss Milloy, Mrs. and Miss McKeane, Lieut. and Mrs. Irvine, the Misses Nelles, Miss Baxter, Miss Folwell, the Misses Monroe, Mr. Harding, Miss Moffatt, Mr. H. Lansing, Mr. and Miss Houston, Miss and Miss Winnie Kingsmill, the Misses Thomson, Mr. H. Greene, Miss Winnett, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Stephen and the Misses Jarvis, Mr. Paul Jarvis, Mr. O'Brian, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Barker, Mr. Sawin, Mr. Palmer, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. G. Mackenzie, Mr. Harold Jarvis. The room was a moving picture of bright faces and pretty costumes, among which were noticed: Miss McKeane, white gauze over white silk; Miss Mack, white china silk and lace, pearl trimmings; Miss C. Mack, yellow and cream flowered silk, yellow ribbons; Miss Foy, lemon gauze over silk of the same shade; Miss Heward, white and mauve muslin; Miss Edith Heward, white cashmere, silver girdle and pendants; Miss Russell, white satin-striped grenadine; Miss Edith Russell, pale blue silk; Mrs. Gus Foy, black net; Miss Moffatt, white embroidered muslin and lace; Miss Kingsmill, white corded silk, bodice heavily trimmed with white jet; Miss Winnie Kingsmill, green silk trimmed with dark green ribbon velvet; Miss Houston, pink silk; Miss Lulu Thomson's—one of the costumes particularly admired—gray gauze, silver brocaded silk bodice; Mrs. R. Dickson, black silk and white lace; Mrs. Macdougall, ecru and crimson silk; Miss Katie Thomson, black lace; Miss Folwell's—another notionably pretty costume—an artistic combination of pink silk and white lace; Miss Jarvis, white cashmere and yellow ribbons; Miss E. Jarvis looked a perfect vision of loveliness in white lace, yellow sash and ribbons; Mrs. J. Lewis, gray lace; Miss Paffard, pink nun's veiling and brown surah silk; Miss M. Nelles, black satin and net, orange chrysanthemums; Miss Geale, pink nun's veiling and white lace; Miss A. Boulton, white cashmere; Miss Fenton, crimson net, corsage wreath of crimson poppies; Miss Bate, white china silk, the waist prettily trimmed with snow drops; Miss M. Geale, white watered silk; Miss Kallaily, pink nun's veiling; Miss D. McMurray, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Irvine, white china silk trimmed with gold embroidery; Miss Henderson, dove-colored silk; Miss Winnett, white gauze trimmed with white satin ribbon; Miss Boulton, black net; Miss Baxter, black net, pink roses; Miss Ball, white china silk, with pale green and pink silk embroidery. Another dress very much admired, and worn by a tall handsome blonde, was an exquisite silk of a very pale heliotrope shade, trimmed with soft white lace.

A grand concert was given in the ball-room of the Queen's Royal last Thursday evening. It was a most brilliant and complete success, owing principally to the first professional appearance in Niagara of Mr. Harold Jarvis, the famous tenor of Toronto, whose glorious voice has the power to charm and fascinate a royal audience in England as completely as it did that little army of ragged urchins who—huddled under the south windows of the ball room last Thursday evening—joined so willingly in the storm of applause which followed each song of Mr. Jarvis. The whole programme was in every respect a grand musical treat and left absolutely nothing to be desired—except a repetition of the same on some future occasion. After the concert the room was cleared for dancing, which was kept up until about one o'clock. Among those present were: Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Kingsmill, the Misses Thomson, Mr. and the Misses Houston, Miss D. McMurray, Miss C. Kallaily, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Rykert, the Misses Heward, Miss Folwell, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Vatable, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Mr. and Mr. H. Syer, Miss Hardy, Mr. Foulkes, Mr. and the Misses Geale, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Fannie Smith, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. O'Brien, Mrs. P. Strathy, Mr. Stephen and the Misses Jarvis, Mr. Paul Jarvis, Mr. Peterson, Mr. Sawin, Mr. H. Syer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Foy, Mr. Downey, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. L. Nelles, Miss Godson, Mr. H. Hunter. A few of the dresses worn were: Miss McMurray, pink silk; Miss Kallaily, pink nun's veiling; Miss A. Boulton, yellow silk and gauze; Miss L. Thomson, yellow china silk, cream ribbons; Miss K. Thomson, lavender silk, cream ribbons; Miss Heward, mauve and white muslin; Miss Folwell, lavender and white silk; Miss Kingsmill, black lace and net; Miss Hardy, black velvet; Miss M. Geale, cream silk and net, cream china silk waist; Miss McKeane, white gauze. It was with undisguised delight that those who had gone under the impression that it was the last dance of the season saw the welcome notice tacked in a conspicuous place near the drawing-room and hall-room doors, "Next hop, Saturday, September 5th." Other years the last dance has always been the grand ball which brought the tennis tournament week to a close, and the unlooked-for addition of an extra one this week was a most delightful surprise.

An impromptu dance was held at the Queen's last Friday evening, but it was a very quiet little affair, not more than thirty or forty attending. The efforts of the gentlemen to obtain an orchestra also failed, but the young ladies good-naturedly took turns in presiding at the piano. Miss Kingsmill, the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Miss Houston, Miss Swabey, the Misses Boulton and a number of others were present.

The great event of the season—the annual tennis tournament—is over. It began last Wednesday afternoon under the most favorable circumstances, and with the beautiful grounds of the Queen's Royal thronged with the fashion and beauty of the town and surrounding cities. In some respects the tournament was scarcely as great a success as those of other years. Some of the general favorites were absent, while, with the exception of three or four of the matches, which were contested with the keenest interest and enthusiasm, the games were not as interesting or closely contested as usual. Some of those whose brilliant play won the admiration and applause of the onlookers were Vatable of New York, Pope of Yale University, and Peterson of St. Catharines; while the matches which aroused the greatest interest among the spectators were the international doubles between Tanner (Buffalo) and Bowman (Rochester), against Blackwood and Mackenzie of Toronto, the latter, to the immense delight of the majority present, coming off victorious, after a grandly exciting and very closely contested match. The veterans also excited a great deal of interest, their matches on Friday and Saturday drawing a very large number of interested spectators. Among those who were present, among the latter I noticed: Mr. and Miss A. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Miss Kingsmill, the Misses Donavon, Lieut. and Mrs. Heasland of Fort Niagara, the Misses Houston, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Thomson, Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. J. and the Misses Heward, Mrs. and Miss C. Arnold, Mr. Vernon Plummer, Mr. Syer, Mr. W. and Mr. Herbert Syer, Miss Folwell, Mr. Harding, Miss Moffatt, Mr. F. and the Misses Geale, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mr. and Miss Russell, Miss Foy, Rev. F. Baldwin, Mr. S. and the Misses Jarvis, Mr. P. Jarvis, Mr. F. Russell, Mr. Houston, Mrs. and Miss McKeane, the Misses Baldwin, Miss Godson, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mr. Horrocks, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Miss Barker, Miss Horrocks, Mr. O'Brian, and a number of others.

Mr. F. Geddes has returned to Dundas.

Miss Kilally and Miss D. McMurray are the guests of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray at the rectory.

Mr. F. Geale, who has been spending a week or two in town, has returned to Toronto.

Among those who have returned to their homes are: Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart and family, Mrs. D. Boulton and family, Miss Bryan of St. Louis, who has been the guest during the summer of Mrs. J. Lewis, and Mrs. R. G. Dickson of Galt, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Macdougall at Rosslyn.

Miss B. Ker is the guest of Miss Blake.

Mr. P. Hewgill of the School of Cavalry, Kingston, has been spending a few days with relatives in town. He returned on Wednesday.

Mrs. Hamby has left for the North-West, where she will make her home in future with her son near Qu'Appelle. She will be greatly missed by her many friends here.

Mr. Geale Dickson, who arrived from England a few days ago, was in town on Monday.

Mrs. and Miss McKeane have returned to Hamilton.

Miss Howland was the guest last week of Miss Rosmond Geddes.

Rev. F. M. Baldwin, of Aylmer, preached to a very large congregation at St. Mark's last Sunday evening, his text, upon which he based a splendid sermon, being "The Waters Wear Away the Stones."

Mrs. P. Strathy is at Doyle's.

GALATEA.

BIG BAY POINT.

The following guests registered at the Robinson House during the past week: Mr. J. W. Whitworth, Mrs George Boxall and family, Mr. William F. Morse, Miss L. Morse, Miss Ethel Clarkson of Toronto, Mr. John Bray of Barrie, Mr. T. Herbert Lennox of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Lawson of Barrie, Mr. Adelaide M. Orr of Toronto, Mrs. Hardie, Mr. James Hardie, Mrs. Hardie, jun., Mrs. Tovey, Miss Sarah Hardie, Mr. L. Long, Mr. A. Hardie, jun., Master H. B. Harcourt Vernor of Strathallan College, Miss Maggie Bartley of Toronto, Miss Mary Huggard of Montreal, Miss Ida M. Orr of Toronto, Miss F. M. Henderson of Barrie, Miss Luffie of Jonesville, the Misses Connolloye of Winnipeg, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. H. Chopin, Mr. J. G. Ryan, Mr. F. Moor, Mr. E. M. Saunders of Barrie, Miss Elsie A. Atcheson of Midland, Mr. John Bray of Stouffville, Mr. George Boxall of Toronto, Mr. W. D. B. Spry, Mr. F. J. Crease of Barrie, and Miss Helliwell of Toronto.

Mr. Fred Smith and party of Barrie broke up camp last week.

Mrs. Binns, Mrs. Coates and party left for home last week. Miss Binns, who has been most kind in playing for the dances held every evening in Mr. Boart's, is very much missed.

The camps of Judge Boys, Dr. J. Harper and "Connolloye" breaking up this week, leave the Point with a very deserted-looking appearance.

A dance under the auspices of "Connolloye" and other visitors at the Point, was held on Saturday evening last. Through the kindness of Mrs. McConnell the dance was held on the platform on the Peninsular Park Hotel grounds. Ice cream and lemonade were served from Hotel de Bob. Some thirty ladies and gentlemen attended from Barrie, the steamer Lillie being chartered for the occasion. Among those who came from Barrie were: Mrs. and Miss Vansickle, the Misses M. and I. Ross, Miss Jackson, Toronto, Mr. and Miss Sanders, Miss Telfer, Mrs. and Miss Spry, Mrs. Holmes, Mr. A. and Miss Dyment, Miss Crawford, Miss Hilliard, Mr. T. R. Boys, Messrs. H. C. and F. Crease, Mr. F. Norman, Mr. F. Stevenson, Mr. Meredith and others. Music was supplied by an orchestra composed of members of the Barrie band. This is, most likely, the last dance of the season.

Mrs. Sanford closed her cottage on Saturday last.

Mrs. Heindrich left for Toronto this week, where she resumes her classes in the Conservatory of Music.

1891. Fall Dress Goods. 1891.

LATEST STYLES! NEWEST COLORINGS!

AT THE BON MARCHE

COLORED	BLACK
54 inch English Tweed Suitings Handsome Large Cheviot Checks, for Tailor-Made Garments, 90c, worth $1.25	Handsome Black Diagonal Serges, double fold, all wool, at 25c., 40c., 50c, and 60c. Very Special Value. See them
54 inch English Tweed Suitings Beautiful Cheviot Tweed Stripes For Tailor Made Suits, 90c, worth $1.25	Rich Black Wool Brocades, beautiful Design and Material, 35c, 45c and 50c. This line specially deserves attention
54 inch English Tweed Suitings Very Stylish Cheviot Mixtures For Tailor Made Dresses, 90c, worth $1.25	Black Silk-Warp Henriettas The finest value ever shown in Toronto 50c, 60c and 75c.
44 inch Silk-Finished Henriettas All Pure Wool and Lovely Colorings Special Value, 35c, worth 50c.	Black Silk-Finished Henriettas, Jet Black or Blue Black, Value Unequalled Guaranteed All Wool, 35c to $1.00
44 inch Silk-Finished Henriettas All Pure Wool and Equal to Silk 50c, worth 75c.	Handsome Black and White Plaids Double Fold, All Pure Wool Snap Bargain, 50c, worth $1.00
Navy Blue Diagonal Serges Now so much in demand Very Large Choice, from 15c per yard up	Black and White Brillianteens Double Fold, Extraordinary Value See Them, 25c, really worth 50c.

NOTICE--The largest importation ever made by us of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S MANTLES, ULSTERS and WALKING JACKETS have just arrived, and will be marked and placed into stock at once. Look out for grand announcement in next Issue of "Saturday Night."

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VANDALINE

THE GREAT DESTROYER, dissolves the hair to the root without injury to the most delicate skin. No emollient required.

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Write to or ask your druggist for sample bottles.

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Parties desiring pianos for hire for the coming season will please notify us of their requirements as soon as possible, so as to prevent disappointment later on.

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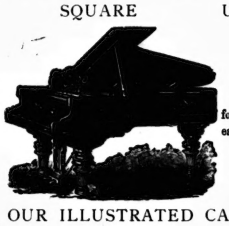

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50 pieces of double-fold heavy Costume Cloth, in all the popular shades, for a quarter dollar, will soon melt away, and we can't repeat this season.

Velveteens and Silk Velvets are entering largely into the dress trimming line. We have from the maker the best brand in the world, and that's saying a good deal; but we know whereof we speak. It has taken prizes from under the noses of scores of so-called first makers. Just see what we offer at 50c. and 75c. Eighteen new shades to choose from, and blacks equal value. In Silk Velvets we have secured some splendid values from $1 to $3.50. It will pay milliners to trade here for Silk Velvets. Our new Black and Colored Dress Silks are opening out beautifully. We've never taken so much trouble to have the correct goods at prices to beat every comer, big or little. That's what we live for. It's for the public to say how we succeed. We are not losing sleep as to what the verdict shall be.

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100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Burton left for Muskoka last week.

Mrs. Wells closes her cottage this week, and Miss Mateon returns to Toronto.

Light Diet.

A lady describing to a friend who was looking for the right place to go for the summer, the attractions and disadvantages of a certain sea-bound resort, said of it: "The sea is grand, the air delightful, the scenery exquisite, but the food—is scant. The first meal I took there the waiter asked me whether I'd have tea or toast."

A Prohibition Dodge.

Bunting—Spiggit is getting rich now.
Larking—What's he doing?
Bunting—Running a drug store in Maine.
Larking—But he can't legally sell liquor without a physician's prescription.
Bunting—That's all right. He's got a doctor for a silent partner.

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I Discovered the Value

last fall and winter of the

"HEALTH BRAND"

undervests and intend to buy another half dozen this winter if I am in Canada, or send for them if I go South instead of coming home.

Extract from the letter of a Toronto lady now in England to friends in Montreal.

This now celebrated make can be bought at every first-class dry goods store in Canada.

Knew His Wife.

He was about five feet tall, had light hair, and looked meet. He was making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to reach a knothole in a high board fence on the outskirts of East New York. A tall man was passing, and the small man glided up to him, plucked him timidly by the coat and said:

"Hate to trouble, sir, but would you mind doing me a favor?"

"Not at all; would be happy to." The small man took him by the arm and led him over to the fence.

"You see," said he, "I promised my wife I'd be home four hours ago and beat a carpet, and—well, I just want you to stand on that rock, look through that knothole up there and tell me what is going on inside."

The tall man looked rather surprised, but complied, while the other leaned up against the fence to await developments.

"What do you see?" asked the meek man presently.

"Why, I see a woman——"

"Sh! not so loud! Tall woman, with auburn hair, red face, and wart on her cheek?"

"That's her."

"Beating a carpet, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Look warm?"

"I should say so."

"Kinder excited, too, isn't she?"

"Well, yes."

"Um—got her skirt up around her knees, and the sleeves rolled up to her shoulders?"

"Exactly."

"Has she got on a black bonnet with a white feather, stuck hind side before and tied underneath the chin in a double hard knot?"

"That's just the way she's dressed."

"Was she using a carpet beater or a broom?"

"A hoe handle."

"Lord! She's worse than I thought."

Just then came from the other side a crack, a rip, and a snort. The fence shook, and the tall man almost tumbled from his post.

"Gee whiz!" said the other, trembling; "but she's got 'em bad this time. Did she smile when she hit that whack, stranger?"

"Smile! She snickered."

"That's all right. Much obliged to you, sir. That will do. I guess I won't go in yet. Good day, sir."

Prof. Davis' New Arrangements.

Prof. Davis re-opened his dancing classes on Tuesday last. The attendance was large, and much admiration was expressed for the neat and perfect arrangements of his academy. Prof. Davis' long experience in the oldest of arts and its requirements makes his classes practically without a drawback. A visit to the academy, even when no classes are present, and a glimpse of the professor's gallery of portraits, is always interesting.

Men Who Wear Corsets.

"You have no idea how many men wear corsets," said a dealer in those articles the other day. "They are worn for various purposes. Stout men wear them to reduce corpulency, stoop-shouldered men so that they will walk erect and widen their chests, and other men in the hope that they will thus gain a handsome figure.

"Men's corsets can be had from 12s. to as much as 52, according to the means and inclination of the purchaser. They are made of the same material, except that whalebone is substituted for steel, as a woman's corset, but are somewhat different in shape, being like a ten-inch belt curved to fit over the hips. They lace in the back, and are tightened in front by means of elastic bands. They are much easier than braces, and hence are more popular. Indeed, I believe it is only a question of a few years when corsets will be commonly worn by men."

The Ingres-Coutellier School of Languages.

The Ingres-Coutellier School of Modern Languages has re opened its courses of French, German and Spanish. It is not necessary to call the special attention of this city to the school, as it has been existing here for nearly four years. Its success, ever increasing (the number of pupils last year exceeded 300), is a guarantee to the public of the excellence of the method and teachers.

By Comparison a Trifle.

Friendly—Was that you I saw driving around in a carriage the other day? And yet you cannot afford to pay me the five dollars you owe me.

Charlie—That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable.

The Hunting Trip.

Now that the ladies are returning from Muskoka the men folks have their innings, and Muskoka will soon be crowded with amateur and professional sportsmen. A representative of SATURDAY NIGHT recently made the lake trip on the Muskoka Navigation Company's steamers which run in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway from Gravenhurst. The courtesy of the officials is one of the most noticeable features of the steamboat company's service. Mr. W. M. Link, purser of the steamer Nipissing, especially has made many friends this summer.

Another Anglomaniac.

Knowles—The rhinoceros is a native of England, isn't it?

Towels—A native of England! Why, man alive, whatever put such an idea into your head?

Knowles—Why, just look how his clothes fit him.

D. Grant & Co.'s Opening.

The exhibition of fall mantles at the warehouse of this well known firm of costumers occurs on Monday, September 7. Till then the ladies are all *qui vive*.

A Pertinent Impertinence.

Waldemar—Has your fortune ever been told?

Aurelia—No, but papa will tell you if you have really serious intentions.

His Income.

"I am so glad, my son," said the loving mother of the rising young architect, as she fondly stroked his head, "that you have done so well. How much money do you expect to make this year?"

"Well, mother," replied the talented young man, "that is hard to tell, but I am sure of $2,400. You see," he continued, gently pressing his mother's hand, "I have just got an order for four $600 cottages."

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WEBSTER—At Toronto, on Friday, August 28, the wife of Geo. Justus Webster, of a daughter.

STEWART—At L'nday, on August 29, Mrs. T. Stewart—a son.

MACALLUM—At Erzeroum, Turkey, on July 30, Mrs. F. W. Macallum—a daughter.

SISLEY—At Eilesmere, on August 27, Mrs. O. Sisley—a son.

THOMPSON—At Toronto, on August 23, Mrs. S. H Thompson—a son.

ADAMS—At Toronto, on August 27, Mrs. R. D Adams—a daughter.

CRAIG—At Toronto, on August 28, Mrs. E. S. Craig—a daughter.

FORES—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. H. W. Fores—twin daughters.

HERRIMAN—At Grand Forks, North Dakota, on August 19, Mrs. A. B. Herriman—a daughter.

LE MESURIER—At Toronto, on August 19, Mrs. G. G. Le Mesurier—a son.

PEARCE—At Toronto, Mrs. E. G. Pearce—a son.

BALDWIN—At Toronto, on August 31, Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin—a son.

GRAY—At Parkdale, on August 31, Mrs. John C. Gray—a son.

CORNWELL—At Toronto, on August 28, Mrs. Alfred Cornwell—a son.

HOSKYN—At Whimsending, Westwood Park, Southampton, Eng and, on August 11 Mrs. R. F. Hoskyn—a daughter.

TINDALL—At Parry Sound, on August 26, Mrs. W. B Tindal—a daughter.

PURVIS—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. J. E. Purvis—a son.

BATTING—At Toronto, on August 25, Mrs. William H. Batting—a son.

Marriages.

THORP—HANNING—At Toronto, on August 26, Henry Bell Thorp to Emily Georgina Hanning.

COPLAND—ENOWLES—At Toronto, on August 25, James S. Copland to Maggie Jane Knowles.

CHISHOLM—CAMERON—At Toronto, on September 1, Thomas Alexander Chisholm to Lina Gwendoline Cameron.

NICHOLSON—FLIGHT—At Toronto, on August 25, F. R Nicholson to Leona M. Flight.

WEEKS—EDWARDS—At Cannington, on September 1, Charles Ethar Weeks to Clara A. M. Edwards.

HUGHES—ASHFIELD—At Ottawa, on August 26, Samuel Hughes to Maggie Ashfield.

BUCHANAN—BLOOR—At Milwaukee, Wis., on August 15, S. Percy Buchanan to Helena Augusta Bloor.

Deaths.

JACKSON—At Port Hope, on August 31, Eliza J. Jackson.

MIDFORD—At Wingham, on August 31, Mrs. Sara Midf rd, aged 26 years.

KLINGNER—At Toronto, on August 31, Alice Fredina Klingner.

DOUGLAS—At Owen Sound, on August 26, James Usher Douglas, aged 71 years.

SNIDER—At Toronto, on August 28, Isaac Snider, aged 66 years.

WATERSTON—At Toronto, on August 28, Robert John Waterston, aged 26 years.

RILLETT—At Stoney Creek, on August 28, Samuel Rillett, aged 70 years.

CREALOCK—At Toronto, on August 25, Clara Louise Crealock, aged 37 years.

MERRITT—At Morristown, N.J., on August 23, Ellen Merritt.

RIVERS—At Walkerton, on August 26, Emma Rivers, aged 56 years.

COOK—At Toronto, on August 30, Reuben Cook, aged 12 years.

COOPER—At Kendall, on August 31, Alice Maude Cooper, aged 22 years.

HORSLEY—At Ontario, Cal., on August 21, Mary Horsley.

McFAYDEN—At Thistleton, on August 28, John McFayden, ac d 46 years.

CARSON—At Heidelberg, Germany, on August 31, Alexander T. Carson, aged 50 years.

McGREGOR—At Toronto, on September 1, Archibald McGregor, aged 50 years.

WARREN—At Weidmann, on July 17, Caroline Henrietta Warren, aged 56 years.

DEDRICK—At Port Rowan, on August 24, Calista Dedrick, aged 23 years.

LIVINGSTON—At Hamilton, on August 28, Ernest Norman Livingston, aged 21 years.

MACDONALD—At Beckenham, on August 15, James MacDonald.

THORNHILL—At Toronto, on August 30, Mrs. Isabella Thornhill.

RICHARDSON—At Toronto, on August 29, Thomas Henry Richardson, aged 37 years.

LAVELLE—At Toronto, on August 30, Sadie Lavelle, aged 18 years.

BECK—At Toronto, on August 30, Daniel Beck, aged 49 years.

CLARK—At Toronto, on September 1, Mary Gertrude Clark, aged 7 years.

McDONALD—At Toronto, on August 31, Sarah Bell McDonald, aged 25 years.

McDONNELL—At Toronto, on September 1, Ann McDonnell, aged 60 years.

WALSH—At Toronto, on August 29, Minnie Walsh.

LITTLEJOHN—At Meaford, on August 29, Mr. Littlejohn, aged 75 years.

FORBES—At Toronto, William S. Forbes, aged 21 years.

MAIR—At Toronto, Thomas Mair, aged 68 years.

THOMPSON—At Rathven Park, Indiana, Ontario, on August 25, Marjorie Elizabeth Thompson, aged 3 months

JURY—At Bowmanville, on August 25, John Jury, aged 70 years.

RICHARDSON—At Thornhill, on August 25, Isabella M. Richardson, aged 47 years.

MUFFITT—On August 26, Robert John Muffitt, aged 15 years.

McGOVERN—At Kingston, on August 26, Mary Jane McGovern.

MANN—At Swindon, Wilts County, England, July 17, Alexander Mann, aged 82 years.

CLELAND—At Toronto, on August 29, John Cleland, aged 17 years.

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Having just received by special importation an exceptionally fine line of fabrics for Fall and Winter wear, at the old address, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Quiet, Genteel and Good will be the essentials this season for gentlemen's garments.

I am prepared to meet these requirements for good dressers.

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